EAST... YPSILANTI

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. LIII. No. 1352 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1957 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

FEB 26 1957

Contents

	Page
COMMENTS ON THE WEEK'S NEWS	158
WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT HUNGARY? By Kingsley Martin	160
VALENTINES IN NORTH LEWISHAM. By Norman MacKenzie	161
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	162
THIS ENGLAND	163
EPITHALAMION. By Reginald Reynolds	163
SARTRE, PICASSO AND THE PARTY. By K. S. Karol	163
UP-HELLY-AA. By Naomi Mitchison	164
FLEET STREET NOTEBOOK. By Francis Williams	166
THE YOUNG IDEA. By Edward Hyams	166
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Post-war Office Buildings. By James Cubitt	168
Maria Callas. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	169
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.*	Page
Intellectual Drama. By T. C. Worsley	170
Statements. By John Golding	170
Viewing and Learning. By Tom Driberg	171
Military Lark. By William Whitebait	171
CORRESPONDENCE	172
From Hugh J. Klare; Sybil Morrison; H. N. Brailsford; Basil Davidson; Randolph S. Churchill; Brian Pearce; Peter Whitby; Lucille Iremonger; Michael Balcon.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL:	
The Ballads. By Edwin Muir	174
THE DANDY. By Elizabeth Jennings	175
REVIEWS:	
The Trusted Rebel. By C. P. Snow	175
"Mary Must Die." By H. R. Trevor-Roper	176
REVIEWS—*contd.*	Page
Life with Lora. By Kathleen Raine	177
Automation Moves East. By Asa Briggs	177
Kind Hearts and Coronets. By John Raymond	178
Michael Ventris and Linear B. By Andrew Wordsworth	178
A Lively Canter with Battered Art Works. By Michael Ayrton	180
Magic into Mystery. By J. I. M. Stewart	180
New Novels. By Maurice Richardson	180
Loyalty or Security? By R. H. S. Crossman	181
WEEK-END COMPETITION	184
CITY LIGHTS. By Taurus	184
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac	185
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	186

Now that the Dream is Over

LAST week it was announced that British security forces in Cyprus are to be increased to a total strength of eighteen battalions. Despite this formidable army—the largest concentration of British troops anywhere in the world—despite the dictatorial powers enjoyed by Sir John Harding and despite the employment of police methods which, as the Foley case has revealed, shocked even the sturdy conscience of the *Daily Express*, Eoka still lives and flourishes. Sir John claims to have dealt the organisation "heavy blows" in recent weeks. Whether the Cypriots he has captured are, in fact, terrorists cannot be known yet, since they will not be brought to trial for many months. And the fact remains that the rate of murders has increased since the beginning of the year. Last Monday, Eoka claimed its hundredth British victim.

Does the government still share Sir John's belief that the Cyprus problem can be solved by force? It seems hardly likely. And if not, are they simply content to allow the toll of violence to mount? It is clear that the experiment of the Radcliffe constitution has been a failure; that Cypriots will not accept any formula which leaves the date of self-determination indefinite; and that, in any case, the return of Makarios is a precondition for the resumption of negotiations. The present Greek government, which regards these terms as the minimum it can accept, is under great and increasing pressure to raise them. If it falls—and its survival may depend on the extent of the support it receives in the forthcoming U.N. debate—we may be confronted with far more intractable opponents. The position of the Turks will correspondingly harden. Already the hatred between Turkish and Greek Cypriots, who used to live in harmony before the British started to use the Turks as an excuse for refusing self-determination, has added a new dimension to the crisis. If our present attitude is maintained, Cyprus will drift into an impasse from which "partition" will be the only way out. Partition would mean the forcible transfer of a large section of Cyprus' population and the disruption of the island's fragile economy; and for this ludicrous and shocking operation we should have to assume not merely moral but physical responsibility. As in Palestine we should be confronted with the choice between imposing partition by force, or an ignoble evacuation—leaving in our wake a communal war.

Is Mr. Lennox-Boyd really reconciled to this prospect? Last week, in the Gold Coast, he wisely brought the weight of the British government to bear against a partition solution. But for Cyprus he complacently admits that "it cannot be ruled out." Why the double standard? A year ago, it was argued that the government's decision to hold on to Cyprus at all costs as an exclusive British base made sense in military terms. If we were contemplating solitary adventures in the Middle East, then the rights of Cypriots would have to be sacrificed. But the Suez fiasco proved conclusively that the harbours of Cyprus could not be used for mounting even a modest sea-borne operation; and the Macmillan government's willingness to allow America to replace us as the "protector" of the Middle East makes it unlikely that we shall ever require Cyprus in order to go it alone again. Even on Tory assumptions, our presence there no longer makes sense.

Why then does the government continue to maintain a policy which is now being condemned by the U.N. and which is linked, in the eyes of most of the world, with France's brutal suppression of the Algerian nation? Nobody, of course, pretends that a Cyprus settlement can be achieved simply by an act of will on the part of the British government. To avoid the alternative of partition, it will be necessary to give wide powers of self-government to the Turkish communities, and to ensure that their civil rights are guaranteed not merely by Greece, but by the U.N. But this is a matter for negotiation. And negotiations—which each week of delay renders more difficult—cannot begin until the Tory party makes up its mind that it intends them to succeed. The Port Said evacuation marked the end of the Tory dream in the Middle East; there can be no gain in clinging on to its pathetic little by-product in Cyprus.

Comments on the Week's News

Israel and the U.N.

After a dark week-end of manœuvre and intrigue, the General Assembly of the U.N. finally voted on the American version of the two resolutions on Israel and Egypt which had been agreed, and subsequently disagreed, between Mr. Cabot Lodge and Mr. Lester Pearson. Precisely what were the nuances of the final agreement to differ on formulation are still somewhat obscure. Perhaps they do not greatly matter. The reality of the joint purpose was plain. It was to devise a formula which would not be opposed by a united Afro-Asian *bloc* and which would compel a total Israeli withdrawal while ensuring an effective guarantee of Israel's frontier with Egypt and her rights of passage through the Tiran Strait. In the event, the manoeuvre failed as it was bound to do. Nasser, diplomatically strengthened for the moment by the Anglo-French fiasco at Port Said, has no immediate intention of calling off his policy of belligerence against Israel. The Israelis, therefore, are not willing to obey any resolution which provides for their withdrawal in advance of what they consider adequate guarantees of their legitimate rights; while Egypt, backed by the Soviet and the Afro-Asian *blocs*, will accept nothing less than unconditional withdrawal. The signs are that Israel, supported by France, is determined to stand firm at all costs; and, however much one may deplore her original military action against Egypt, it is difficult to believe that the U.N. will serve either justice or expediency in today's situation by permitting a return to a *status quo* which was based on the Arab refusal to acknowledge the existence of Israel and which, if restored, must lead to further explosions of violence. A general Israeli withdrawal at the end of the campaign was essential and has been carried out. If the U.N. is not to discredit itself, it must now make it plain to the Arab states that the law will only protect those who themselves honour the law.

Doctrine or Danegeld?

Since the British government's disastrous attempt to bully Jordan into joining the Baghdad Pact, the end of the Anglo-Jordanian treaty has only been a matter of time. If the government had taken up Jordan's offer, made last May, to re-negotiate the treaty in a form whereby the £12.5m. British loan was paid as rent for the three military bases, there might have been a slender chance of preserving the Anglo-Jordanian connection. But the offer was not taken up; subsequently, in October, the Jordanian elections returned a government pledged to change, if not abolish, the treaty; and the Suez adventure completed the breach. Jordan did not immediately abrogate the treaty because it represented her one certain guarantee against an Israeli annexation of her territory west of the Jordan. But now, with UNEF in position, she presumably feels that an Israeli move is unlikely. In default of an American offer, she has accepted the joint Egypt-Syria-Saudi guarantee of an annual subsidy, without which the kingdom cannot exist. All that remains, therefore, is to bring the treaty to a formal end. The negotiations which opened in Amman this Monday indicate that both sides are prepared to do this in an amicable spirit, and it is even possible that Britain will continue to provide Jordan with small interest-free loans. Meanwhile, in Washington the disreputable junketings which accompanied King Saud's visit have come to an end with an agreement which gives him almost everything he asked for. The Saudi army (at present 15,000 strong) will be doubled and equipped with American arms; and America will also provide Sabre jets, medium and light tanks, anti-tank guns and communications equipment, including desert troop-carrying vehicles. (This last will relieve Aramco of the embarrassing necessity to lend Saud transport for his periodic incursions into British-protected territories.) Saud is also, it is believed, getting a "write-off" of his Aramco overdraft. In return, America has got a five-year renewal of the strategic air base at Dhahran and a conditional endorsement of the Eisenhower doctrine. These parallel negotiations mark an important stage in the transfer of power from Britain to America in the Middle East; for it is clear that, at any rate in the immediate future, Saudi-Arabia will have to provide the lion's share of the Arab subsidy to Jordan, and without the Washington agreement this might have proved difficult. America, in short, will indirectly take over the Jordan subsidy—a fact which may explain why King Hussein chose this week to broadcast a vigorous denunciation of Communism.

Labour's New Pension Plan

Labour's new scheme of provision for old age, adopted by its policy committee last week, skilfully solves the major problems which have been developing in the present scheme. With inflation, the Beveridge system has been breaking down. Rising costs have meant that adequate subsistence pensions could be paid only by increasing the contributions to a level beyond the capacity of the poorest workers. Yet the trade unions were not prepared to abandon the contributory principle with its implication that benefits were payable "as of right." As a result there has been increasing reliance in retirement on National Assistance on the one hand and on private superannuation schemes on the other. Some seven million workers (about one-third) are now in supplementary pension schemes run by their employers. As Professor Titmuss has discovered, private pension schemes are actually costing the Exchequer more in tax reliefs (some £175m in the current year) than the state scheme for old age, including National Assistance (about £137m). His discovery has inspired Labour's new concept of a state superannuation scheme for all in which contributions and benefits will be related to earnings. Entrants will pay 3 per cent. of their earnings (as against the employers' 5 per cent.) but benefits will be adjusted in favour of the lower-paid worker; anyone earning less than £12 a week will draw progressively up to 75 per cent. of his earnings, compared with 50 per cent. of earnings above that figure. So far the trade union reaction to the new scheme has been warmly favourable, partly because their own employees already enjoy superannuation benefits. Industrially, too, the unions want to release workers from dependence on their employers for basic security, which curtails their personal freedom as well as their mobility. Talks with the T.U.C. next week on the scheme are likely, therefore, to be harmonious. The main danger is timidity. Although existing approved schemes will be left intact, the committee proposes that the extension of state superannuation to workers not already covered by such schemes shall be compulsory. Nearly half the workers in the country will come into its fold at one blow. This will limit the future scope of insurance companies in this field and some of the more cautious of Labour's leaders fear that insurance agents may be mobilised as anti-Labour propagandists in the next election. On the other hand, unless the state scheme is made compulsory, it will never become more than a gap-filler for private schemes. Tax reliefs for companies' pensions schemes have in the past been given far too uncritically. As a result employees' rights under these schemes have not been adequately guaranteed. One of the most welcome of Labour's proposals, therefore, is that benefits under non-state schemes shall in future be made transferable by law. This may raise a storm among private firms to whom these schemes are a method of tying workers to their employment.

Prisons and Prisoners

Reprints of this supplement from last week's issue are available price 30s. per 100 or 4s. per dozen from:

The Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

Green Light for Sandys

Now that Mr. Sandys has secured American clearance for his projected reductions in British defence expenditure over the next three years, he can get down to planning the details. The Washington communiqué, despite its general terms, hints that America has agreed, subject to Congressional approval, to supply Britain with certain types of guided missiles, including the "intermediate" ground-to-ground offensive missile with a 1,500-mile range; and that other types, including ground-to-air, will be built in Britain under American licence. The saving in current defence costs which this agreement makes possible will not be great, but it will obviate a large increase in spending on missile production and research which would otherwise have been inevitable. The real savings will be made in manpower. Here, the Washington talks gave Sandys the green light to reduce British spending to a level comparable with that of the other Nato powers. In practice, this will probably mean a reduction (by from half to a third) of British effectives in Germany; the existing commitments of four divisions will be maintained, in terms of fire-power, but the divisions will become units of brigade strength. Before any definite decisions are taken, however, Mr. Sandys will see the French defence minister, and it is expected that the matter will also be discussed at the ministerial meeting of the Western European Union which Britain has requested. All this implies that detailed changes will not be reflected in the defence White Paper, which should be due at the end of this month, or in the budget.

The Briggs Break-down

As we go to press the talks between the unions and the Ford Motor Company over the reinstatement of the suspended shop steward, Mr. J. McLoughlin, have broken down. Mr. McLoughlin is now dismissed—no longer merely suspended—and Mr. L. W. Blakeman, the company's labour relations officer, has affirmed: "We are determined to exert industrial discipline . . . we are not afraid of any result of the action we are taking." Last Monday the Briggs strikers had agreed (in response to strong union pressure) to return to work pending negotiations over Mr. McLoughlin's

reinstatement. The Briggs factory has been the scene of recurrent labour troubles ever since the Ford Company took it over in 1953; and the shop stewards' committee that has been running the strike, dominated largely by A.E.U. men, alleges that the management has shown itself steadily hostile to effective joint consultation. The committee seems determined to insist on Mr. McLoughlin's as a test case. Mr. J. Mitchell, who is senior convenor at Briggs and the leader of the strike committee, said in recommending the return to work last Monday: "Let us accept the appeal of the executive to get back to work, and if the management determine they have not had enough we will give them a bit more." Mr. Kealy, a national officer of the Transport and General Workers Union, met with much interruption when he urged the meeting to leave the entire matter for the unions to settle by official negotiation—without any proviso about Mr. McLoughlin's immediate reinstatement. The strike has held up production at Ford's main factories as well as at Briggs, affecting in all more than 20,000 workers. The General and Municipal Workers Union, which believes that the long series of disputes have been largely Communist-inspired is now proposing an official inquiry into the state of industrial relations at the Briggs plant. The strike committee does not appear to reject the notion of an inquiry, but might well object to one conducted by the Ministry of Labour without their direct participation.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New Delhi

Election Line-Up

A Correspondent writes from New Delhi: About 200 million men and women will go to the polls between February 25 and March 12 to decide, for the second time since independence, which parties and people will govern them for the next five years. At the moment Congress is trying hard to maintain, if not to increase, its massive majority. As in other countries with single-member constituencies and non-transferable votes, the number of seats held by Congress does not match the votes collected. The party got 42 per cent. of the votes cast but more than 68 per cent. of the Assembly seats; the Socialists in contrast got nearly 9.6 per cent. of the votes but only 3.8 per cent. of the seats.

A well-known Indian cartoonist has vividly summed up the elections. He shows Nehru wearing a rose with ballot papers for petals, and the Prime Minister plucking them. The caption reads: "They love me, they love me not." It is a terse comment on the issue before the voter; in the first elections Congress sought the people's trust; today they want the people's love. The Congress Party manifesto, drafted by Prime Minister Nehru himself, reads more like a sermon than a manifesto.

It proclaims a "Socialist, co-operative commonwealth." Asked to define this Socialism Nehru said, "I do not see why I should define Socialism in precise rigid terms when it is something which should not be precise. . . . Socialism means that we take all people forward and do not pull anyone down. I will not take any step which might result in the pulling down of the few. . . . Capitalism is out of date and we think it is injurious and we want a Socialist structure basically . . . what Karl Marx wrote about was in the context of 100 years ago and many questions which were important then do not exist today." He went on to describe India's second Five Year Plan as "flexible."

What is the programme the Congress offers the people? No one knows. The manifesto proclaims its friendship for Pakistan, and its belief that the Kashmir and Goa problems will be solved peacefully; it urges the people "to be hard working, saving and austere, to avoid waste and end the false standards of living and display"; assuring the private sector of protection it says, "only strategic industries will be nationalised"; it condemns strikes, lockouts and student indiscipline. The only positive statement that Nehru made was that he was opposed to any ceiling on incomes.

The Praja Socialists have declared in their manifesto that they want to see youth at the helm of affairs. They will recognise the right of trade unions to strike and to bargain collectively. They want land for the tiller and a ceiling on all land holdings; they want the abolition of the privy purses of the princes and the breaking of the Commonwealth link at the earliest.

The Communists are even more specific. Their declared intentions are to nationalise jute, tea, coffee, aluminium, copper, iron, manganese and goldmining; they *will* break away from the Commonwealth; they *will* repeal the Preventive Detention Act and amend Article 21 of the Constitution under which it was framed; they *will* stop the fighting in the Naga areas; they *will* abolish the Rajya Sabha (Upper House) and give wider powers to state legislatures. They want to requisition all the hoarded wealth of the princes over and above stopping their privy purses and they want to fix a ceiling on incomes and on land holdings.

Rome

Socialist Trends

Bruce Renton writes from Rome: In Milan, during the provincial congress of the Nenni Socialist Party, I spoke to Lelio Basso, one of Italy's leading Socialists. He maintained that Labour Party leaders sometimes gave the impression of being poorly informed about Italy and the Italian Socialists. The tendency was to consider them all as "Communists," without realising the profound differences between British and Italian society. Radical reform of the Italian economic structure was a pre-requisite for any stable form of democracy in Italy, where 20-30 per cent. of the population is still illiterate or semi-illiterate. There are two million unemployed and millions of under-employed. Southern Italy was still treated as a "colony" and large state investments were necessary for its industrialisation. Building was hampered because the cement industry was a private monopoly. Any Socialist policy had to fight against the monopolies.

There are now three positions inside the Socialist Party. One group wants an almost unconditional unification with the Saragat Social-Democrats as soon as possible; another is very reluctant to break off the alliance with the Communists; a third current, which promises to prove the strongest at the Venice Congress this week, puts as the central problem a *new* Socialist policy for Italy, with no unrealistic haste towards unification. This is Signor Basso's position. The position of Signor Nenni would appear to be something of a compromise between the views of the first group and Basso.

Many Italian Socialists believe that the entire future of the left in Italy depends not only on a new Socialist policy but also on the possibilities of change in the large Italian CP. A policy of rigid exclusion of the Italian CP would signify the permanent paralysis of the left-wing because millions of Italian workers would be politically immobilised. The danger is that the Italian CP, unable to accept the "reformism" of the Giolitti group within it, may fall into sectarian hands.

The revisionist group inside the CP maintains that a "second industrial revolution" has taken place, that Italian capitalism has shown an unsuspected capacity for developing itself in a new way, and that the CP's economic policy has thus led to disastrous defeats, e.g., at the Fiat works in Turin, where the CGIL lost the factory elections long before the 20th Congress or Hungary. The Communists of Turin have experienced this "industrial revolution" first-hand and are not easily convinced by the Rome party leaders who accuse them of "wanting to abandon the class struggle." They point out the futility of insisting to a Fiat worker that he is super-exploited when the latter is convinced of the contrary. Fiat exploitation is nowadays a very subtle affair, as may be seen from the percentage of this "proletarian aristocracy" who drive baby 600s. The CGIL, being less suspicious of new ideas about capitalism than the party, is rapidly adapting its policy to the changes in Italian capitalism.

Westminster

Tyranny as Usual

One evening in 1947 the committee which had been considering transport nationalisation for some months in a room upstairs reported the bill back to the House. More than one hundred amendments put down by assiduous and ingenious Conservative backbenchers had not even been discussed because of a guillotine. They had therefore to be put to the House without discussion. For something like an hour, the Speaker droned through each amendment and then put it from the chair. Monotonously the Conservative opposition voted "Aye"; monotonously the government supporters voted "No"; and monotonously the government supporters won. The Conservatives, between whiles, sat and glowered. As the hundredth amendment was called, Mr. Eden, leading the opposition in the usual absence of Mr. Churchill, rose to protest. This, he said, was making a farce out of democracy; and, as he sat down, the whole Opposition Front Bench, led by Mr. Macmillan, set up a cry of "Tyrants! Tyrants!" Macmillan, particularly, played his part to the life. Tears of anger and frustration seemed to be in his eyes and his usually drooping moustache seemed to bristle. His voice, weak from suffering, was yet so defiant that one felt he was to be hauled off any moment to the Tower for torture instead of into the smoking room for a whisky and soda. But he knew, and we knew, that had he been in government instead of in opposition he would have used the guillotine as ruthlessly as Labour was doing. The fact was that Conservatives disliked nationalisation, whether of transport, gas, electricity or steel, and were determined to obstruct it by every means in their power. Under the leadership of such private enterprisers as Mr. Brendan Bracken, they examined these bills to see if each comma could not be amended to a semi-colon. They even managed to delay one committee for a whole morning by discussing whether the first word of the bill should not be

altered from "A" to "The." But they would have despised any government which let them get away with such tactics. Their indignation against the guillotine was synthetic.

Of course, when they came back to power, they used the guillotine themselves—on bills allowing brewers to open pubs in new towns, allowing landlords to raise rents and other matters of high Tory policy. Of course Labour, in its turn, cried "gag"; and, of course, Conservative spokesmen justified their action by quoting speeches made in defence of the guillotine when Labour was in office. But it was something of a sham fight. I do not believe that there has been any considerable, deep-rooted opposition to the *principle* of using the guillotine since the day when a Liberal government first introduced it.

Then, some people still believed that the business of government should be held up while even the most frivolous, repetitive or obstructive points were given the fullest hearing. So, though the present Rents Bill is one of the most serious measures to come before parliament since the war, speakers in this week's guillotine debate were somewhat inhibited, except for the Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr. J. P. Maclay, who is forever crossing his heart in boy scout earnestness and can produce tears of sincerity without the aid of glycerine. He was at once deflated by Mr. James Hoy, who quoted a dictum passionately delivered by Maclay when in opposition that "We have come here to try to construct sound legislation, whether we are supporters of the government or members of the opposition. For this purpose the guillotine procedure is disastrous."

Such unrealities perhaps explained the wave of light-heartedness which suddenly swept over both sides of the House at the end of the debate and utterly swamped Mr. Henry Brooke, who is now in charge of the bill. Brooke had himself broken some breakwaters; for, after twitting Mr. Barnett Janner with having accused him of "leading the people over a precipice with his head in the sand," he himself offered "to sit down and stand corrected." He then launched himself on his now famous story of the lady who went shopping in his constituency one Saturday morning. It was a long story, full of those "I sez, she sez, I sed, she sed's" which one hears on the tops of buses. Soon nothing could be heard except an occasional "she said to him" above a babble of nearly hysterical laughter which soared to a still higher pitch when eventually the Speaker requested silence in order that he "could hear what happened to the lady in the end."

It was unfortunate that this light-heartedness should be associated in any way with a bill which will double the rents of millions of people and may mean ruthless eviction of hundreds of thousands from the homes in which they had hoped to end their days. It was also unfortunate that it should overwhelm one of the few occasions when a protest against the guillotine may well have been justified. This government has no mandate for its Rents Bill. Indeed when Mr. Bevan stated at the last election that, if returned, the Tories would further raise rents, the Conservative Central Office issued an unqualified denial.

Moreover, the bill affects more people more directly than any other bill which has hitherto been guillotined; and parts of it are opposed even by government supporters. Finally, not one government supporter suggested that Labour speeches in committee had been obstructive. Indeed the only charge made at all was that Labour, on one occasion, had wasted half an hour by calling more divisions than was necessary—it is an interesting idea that M.P.s should be compelled to refrain not only from speaking but also from voting—and that some Labour speeches had been repetitive—a charge which, true or not, has never previously been made against any committee presided over by that inflexible worker-to-rule, Mr. Frank Bowles. One fears that the government is using the guillotine on this bill for electoral purposes only: it wants to rush the bill through in the hope that the bitterness, hardship and unfairness it will cause will be, in part at least, forgotten by the time of the next general election.

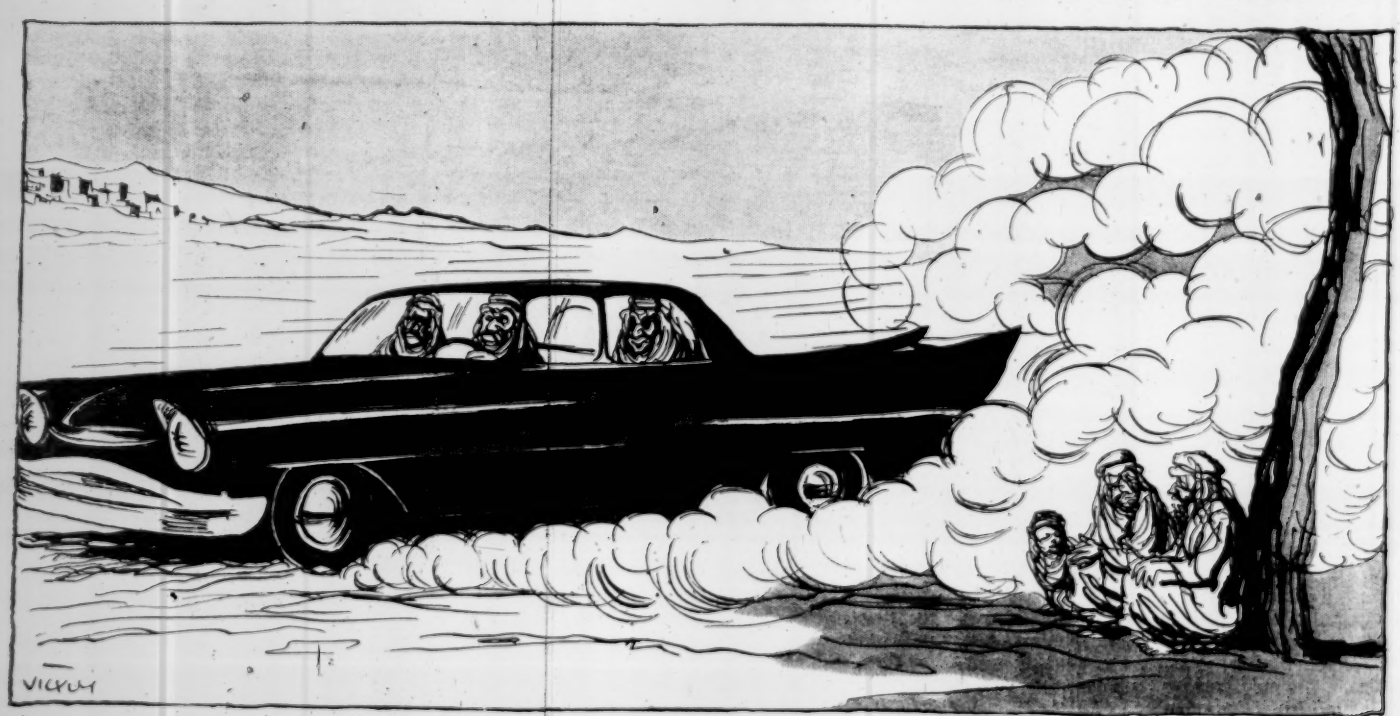
J. P. W. MALLALIEU

What Can We Do About Hungary?

PERHAPS the reason why the four Oxford students have been so quickly released is that the Kadar government could not make effective propaganda use of their activities. If Hungarians are told that British students aided their rebellion last October, brought (however unwisely) letters to Hungarian comrades and were engaged in anti-Soviet work, they probably regard these rash intruders as good friends of Hungary.

For the same reason it is at least doubtful whether official propaganda designed to prove that the popular rising in Hungary was inspired by "reactionaries" can be successful. Ghastly photographs of AVO men, mutilated and hanging upside down, may not shock Hungarians, who knew these men as habitual torturers. Only too easily they may feel satisfaction at the violent death of those they regard as traitors doing the dirty work for Russian oppressors of their country. Some who hate cruelty, whatever its excuse, responded to the appeal for mercy and restraint which was broadcast by Paul Ignotus, who had himself for years been systematically tortured by the AVO. But even they must have rejoiced that at long last Russian agents had learned to be afraid. It was the extraordinary feature of the Hungarian revolt that the people overcame their fear and proved that those who trample on the elementary decencies of human society do so at their own peril.

I doubt whether the official plea that the October rising was organised by resurrected Horthyites carries any weight in Hungary. It is not true, and even if it were, it would not greatly sway opinion. The Horthy regime was bad, but many Hungarians—not only Fascists and feudal landlords—believe it was less evil than that of Rakosi. I saw it once, more than 20 years ago, and it taught me more about Europe before the French revolution than all the books I had read about the *ancien régime*. Horthy, in his uniform as an admiral of the Austrian navy, received us



"What's good for General Motors is good for Saudi Arabia"

as royalty; there was a grand party ablaze with soldiers in gorgeous uniforms, halberdiers in leopard skins, bishops in purple and cardinals in scarlet. Upper-class life was carefree on the surface and threadbare beneath it—very much like the aristocracy in the days of Louis XVI. Edgar Mowrer, who was introduced with me and others to Gömbös, the Prime Minister, said something about the lack of a middle-class in Hungary. Gömbös seemed puzzled and replied that one of his principal worries was the excessive size of the middle-class. Did not every younger son of every Hungarian landlord want a government job? To him the middle-class meant the swollen bureaucracy. One day I took a taxi from Budapest to a muddy desert a few miles outside; there thousands of Hungarians lived in shacks, very much as in a shanty colony on the edge of a South African town. Here the population lived largely on the garbage that it salvaged at night from the rubbish heaps and sewers. That civil liberty was in short supply I learned from the great liberal lawyer, Vambery, who bravely fought the government in the courts; the realities of peasant life were shown me by the Hatvanys, who took me to villages whose feudal structure was still so untouched that the peasants could show me the bags of corn which were their only wages. I returned to England very ready to campaign for the release from jail of Rakosi.

When next I went to Hungary in 1948, Rakosi was dictator. It was the year of decision, the year of the Communist *coup* in Prague. At that moment the remarkable achievements of reconstruction carried out throughout the satellite countries by the post-war coalition of Communists and Socialists were there for everyone to see, and though "fusion" had been decreed, the dictatorship was still comparatively liberal. Mindzsenty could talk open treason to me and Anna Kethly was still free, if she had wished, to take Rakosi's hint to choose exile rather than prison. Yet the signs of encroaching tyranny were clear enough. Gerö showed himself a narrow and efficient doctrinaire; Revai was hard to persuade when I urged the folly of pushing peasants into collective farms. After 1948 the iron curtain dropped.

In the West we all assumed, rightly, that the remnants of civil liberty had disappeared, but, wrongly, that the standard of living of workers and peasants were rather better than in pre-war days. Mr. Mikes now informs us in his balanced and readable book* that in 1949 it was in fact about ten per cent. higher than it had been in 1938. The appalling revelation of 1956 was that in the satellite countries seven years of Communism had brought no compensating advantages. Liberty has not been sacrificed on the altar of economic advantage; it has been destroyed for nothing except Soviet power. The risings in Poland and Hungary were against poverty, Russian exploitation and Red Army occupation. Those who were most hated were not survivors from the feudal past but the Polish and Hungarian Communists who had worked for Stalin.

Mr. Mikes is probably a safer guide to events in Hungary than he would have been had he been taking an active part in the revolutionary fighting. An exile already, he was able to question hundreds of refugees who crossed the frontier and to piece together their evidence. I have discussed his book with other well-informed Hungarians and believe it to be substantially accurate.

I learned from Mikes how successfully Rakosi deceived almost everyone. In 1948 he was still regarded even in British official circles as a very undoctrinaire, comparatively liberal kind of Communist. After Communism was securely in the saddle he appears to have given free rein to a sadistic cunning which, if the stories told by Mikes and others are true, puts him amongst the most repulsive characters of history. Mikes describes in detail the tragedy of Nagy who tried, he believes, to provide Hungary with a government similar to that of Gomulka's Poland and who is almost certainly quite innocent of the charge of recalling Russian tanks to Hungary. Mikes deals sensibly with the relation of the Kremlin's decision to the Anglo-French invasion of Suez. We know that the Kremlin was in two minds, and the dates fit the theory that western aggression in the Middle East tipped the scale for Russia's renewed invasion. The only certainty, however, is that the Suez action split the U.N. and deprived England and France of moral authority.

The damage has been done. The question now is whether any action by the West can help Hungarian freedom. Can Hungary still achieve that substantial measure of intellectual freedom and political independence that wiser leadership won in Warsaw? This result will not be achieved by providing warm clothing for refugees, much though it is wanted, by singing psalms of praise to Hungary's freedom fighters, nor even by taking part in a Spring pilgrimage of repentance for other people's crimes. I do not myself agree with Mr. Mikes when he urges that Russia may be influenced in some degree by economic, political or cultural boycotts. I certainly see no merit in visits to the Soviet Union of hand-picked delegations, but I believe that every exchange which brings Russian and western dancers, footballers or business men into personal contact should be encouraged. All this, however, is of secondary importance. We must concentrate on the one practical proposal which might change the face of Europe.

Some years ago this journal began to advocate a bargain with the Russians for the independence of eastern Europe. Clearly the Kremlin would only listen to any proposal for the unification of Germany and a neutral belt across Europe if the unified Germany were not a member of Nato. It is ludicrous to suppose that the Soviet Union will withdraw from East Germany or from the satellites if the West still tries to maintain Nato bases in Germany and to rearm Germany with an eye to a future war with Russia. Today the argument for this policy is so much strengthened that what used to be denounced as a naive concession to Soviet wishes is now openly advocated by Mr. Gaitskell, Walter Lippmann and the German Social Democrats. This is partly because as the range of modern weapons increases, so the proximity of bases diminishes in importance, but it is far more because Russia today knows, as all the world knows, that the only troops on which the Kremlin can rely in Europe are her own—and even Russian soldiers may not be wholly reliable in satellite countries. The Poles, the Hungarians, and probably the Czechs and Rumanians, would be liabilities to Russia in a European war. Moscow's best security lies in preventing any of these countries from having substantial military establishments and in granting them internal political freedom. Only in that case could Russia hope that the satellites would ever again look to Russia for aid against the Germans, as they did when they were liberated by Soviet troops in 1945. With this crucial modification of the strategic map in mind, it seems only realistic to attempt to make a bargain with the Russians by which they would agree to withdraw their troops within their own frontiers, on condition that Germany and the eastern European states should be "neutralised" and western troops withdrawn from German soil. If, as I believe, this policy is being actively discussed in the West today, proposals should be formulated without delay, for the alternative might even be, as Mr. Mikes fears, that the Russians will attempt in Hungary the full "Lithuanian" treatment—which would mean the deportation of hundreds of thousands of young Hungarians into Siberia, the "colonisation" of Hungary by Russians and, in sum, the extinction of a brave and famous nation.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

* *The Hungarian Revolution.* By GEORGE MIKES. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Valentines in North Lewisham

WHEN the policeman came into the Labour central committee rooms in the Lee High Road a groan went up from the election workers. "He's at it again," said one of them. "Every morning he comes in here to ask us to move the cars." This alone makes a pleasing contrast to so many other elections, and it is one indication of the way in which the Labour organisation is tackling the North Lewisham campaign. For once, it is the local Tories who occupy a decaying mansion in a side road, while the Labour Party has bright and efficiently-run headquarters. A week before polling day, the agent—Jim Raisin of the London Labour Party—had given the machine a spine of trained and capable election workers who can be used to maximum effect if enough rank-and-file canvassers and knockers come in during the last days to put muscle on the skeleton. In this case the Labour Party is not letting an important by-election go by organisational default.

Now this was the main purpose of the Wilson Report. It argued that marginal constituencies were often lost by Labour by poor organisation, and especially by Labour's failure to track down the postal vote. In North Lewisham, a real effort has been made to remedy this defect, though I suspect that the Conservatives still have the edge in this field. Since the election is being fought on the last day of the old register, the postal ballot may well decide the result. There are about 7,000 electors in this slightly dingy dormitory area who have been deprived of a vote by the decision to hold the election on March 14, rather than the following Thursday.

As soon as one looks beyond the party organisation, however, it is clear that there are some oddities about this election which make prediction peculiarly difficult. Though both parties are rightly treating it as a trial of strength, both of them are fighting it with untested candidates, who are local men who seem unable, by temperament and lack of experience, to give their campaigns a dramatic turn. Mr. MacDermot, the Labour candidate, and Mr. Farmer, his Tory opponent, are both "safe" men who will not arouse strong personal reactions. For this reason, the poll on Thursday is likely to be a fair test of opinion about issues—even though the intervention of Miss Leslie Greene, the secretary of the Empire Loyalists, had added a dash of colour and a little more uncertainty to the election.

I found the normal lethargic responses as soon as I began to make a small random sample—responses that were fairly similar in the middle-class district of Blackheath, in council flats in Ladywell and the small owner-occupied houses

in Lee. Most people knew there was an election, though surprisingly few could name any of the three candidates. Yes, they supposed they would vote. No, they hadn't changed their mind since the last election. So far, the answers were running to form. I then tried what the Gallup pollsters always assure us is a more revealing test than the "prestige" questions about voting intention and party loyalty. I asked about specific points of policy. The results were surprising.

Housewife: "I liked that Gaitskell until he and that Summerskill woman started running down our boys. It isn't right for Labour to do that. They should get on with doing something for the old people. That's their business."

Shopkeeper: "I thought Macmillan would be different. But he's giving in to the Yanks, too. He should go on and teach those Egyptians and Indians a lesson."

Teacher: "I don't care about foreign policy. If anything I've always believed Eden. But I'm going to retire next year, and they tell me that this Rent Bill will put my rent up 15 shillings a week. I won't be able to afford it on my pension. I know it sounds selfish but I'm going to vote for myself."

Pensioner: "The Blues have always come and fetched me, and I've put one in for them. But they can find someone else this time. The doctor told me it was Mr. Butler who put that money on my medicine, and I don't see why I should go out and catch my death for him."

Busman: "I don't like what Labour did over Suez. But that isn't what the voting is about, is it? They're against the Tories, and so am I."

I have chosen to quote these replies because they clearly reveal the cross-currents that are moving beneath the surface of the normal party attachments. From all I can gather, canvassers of both the main parties are finding enough of these confused respondents to worry them. Miss Greene, in fact, claims that some of her support is coming from cynical or annoyed voters who feel that Britain is being sold down the river to the Americans, the Russians, the Egyptians and the rest of the motley crew in the United Nations. What no one can judge at this stage is whether such cross-currents are strong enough to detach people from their voting habits. If it is true that a substantial number of Labour voters are unhappy about the party policy on Suez, are they unhappy enough to desert the Labour Party at a moment when they are moved to anger by Tory social policy? Which weighs most with them? And are Tories who feel that Britain gave in too quickly at Port Said going to vote for Miss Greene, who says that the U.N. is an "anti-British racket"?

Mr. Farmer, of course, is making what capital he can out of "the people who aided and abetted" Nasser, and much more is being made of Dr. Summerskill on the doorstep than can be made in print or on the platform. One Tory worker who seems to have a long memory said to me: "We've waited a long time to get our revenge for Fulham. No one seems to have a very clear idea of what Dr. Summerskill actually said or did. But there is no doubt that she has become a focus for a great many of the resentments conjured up by our humiliation over Suez. She has been a godsend for the local Tories, who were very much on the defensive on domestic issues; this is the kind of election stunt that Tory workers love and know how to exploit. It has much more bite than Mr. Farmer's lame defence of the Rent Bill, which must, he says, "be viewed against the background of general Conservative housing achievement," and he personally favours "smoothing" the eviction notice of Clause 9 to 12 months.

Mr. MacDermot's counter-attack, naturally enough, is based primarily upon rents. North Lewisham has about 9,000 properties to which the Rent Bill will apply, and of these about 6,000 are above £40 rateable value. There are, too, a great many leasehold properties, many of which are nearing the fag-end of their leases. I do not know how many of the 3,000-odd leaseholders are members of the active pressure-group which is defending their interests. But if I were a leaseholder I should not be impressed by Mr. Farmer's near-classic candidate's statement:

> The vexed question of leasehold property affects this constituency acutely. Any legislation introduced to overcome this problem would have my wholehearted support.

What votes Labour gains on St. Valentine's Day, then, will be earned by domestic policy—and, indeed, in spite of the temporary trend against its attitude towards the Suez crisis and the United Nations. There is genuine discontent among tenants, who are twice as numerous as owner-occupiers, among leaseholders, among pensioners, who have felt the brunt of the health service charges, and among working-class families for whom living costs have taken a sharp upward turn. On this flank, Mr. Farmer is vulnerable—despite his long service to local interests and organisations. But he is also slightly vulnerable, enough to worry him in a close vote, on the right. Miss Greene's tirades against the "bunglers" who shared with Eden "responsibility for the shocking Suez mess" may only attract a handful of extreme Tories, but her propaganda feeds the doubts and irritation of a great many more who may be wondering whether to abstain this time. We shall know how many within the week. North Lewisham should give us some new and instructive material on the relative impact of "foreign" or "bread-and-butter" policies on voting behaviour.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

THE most important news this week is Chou En-lai's speech in Colombo. It was his first call to the Bandung powers to regard themselves as a rival U.N. If America doesn't recognise China, the dominant Asian power, why, asks Chou, should China and the peoples of the East worry about America? China will not "topple down" because America pretends she is not there. Take the Kashmir issue, which the U.N. can't settle because, he suggests, the West muddies it for their own imperialist ends. Why should not China act as mediator? Two comments immediately follow. The first is that there may be many people in Pakistan ready to listen to this advice, in spite of their bitter animosity to India Suhrawardy's tie-up with the Bagdad Pact and projected use of Pakistan bases by the U.S. is not to the liking of a large part of the Muslim world. Secondly, in India the appeal would be much more immediate and powerful, for almost everyone there believes that they have been cheated in the U.N. and that the British vote against India about Kashmir is an act of revenge for India's condemnation of Anglo-French action in Suez. Chou En-lai, whose next series of visits may well be to chosen spots in Africa, has now made something like a triumphal progress to eastern Europe and South-East Asia (including three visits to India) and he is bringing to a climax a carefully planned policy designed to lead to the exclusion of the western powers from an area which comprises about three-quarters of the world's population.

* * *

Responsible people on both sides of the dispute seem to agree that this journal's leading article last week on Kashmir was a fair statement. On one point, however, we caused offence. The word "annexation" is to me a neutral, not an emotive, word: it means, as the dictionary on my desk puts it, "the permanent incorporation of newly acquired territory within the national domain," which is an exact description of India's action. Legally, Kashmir acceded to India in 1947; the promised plebiscite was to follow, according to the Indian statement of October 27, 1947, "as soon as law and order had been restored." This to every Indian means when Pakistan had withdrawn her troops, as they were in fact instructed to do by the U.N. in 1949. India is open to much criticism in Kashmir, but that the aggression was Pakistan's, not India's, is not in dispute. Therefore, Indians don't like the word "annexation," which they think implies a lawless seizure. Helpful as always, Randolph Churchill, speaking from invincible ignorance, actually makes a fantastic comparison between India's formal incorporation of Kashmir nine years after its legal accession and Hitler's rape of Austria in 1938!

* * *

I cannot pretend surprise that the Japanese object to the British H-bomb test in Christmas Island. Few people enjoy being treated as guinea-pigs—which was the fate of the Japanese in the first nuclear-biological experiment which killed 120,000 people in Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945, and in the "miscalculation" which "burned" Japanese fishermen in the test of 1953. Tokyo's diplomatic protest is also "for the record" which Asian people are piling up against the West. To millions of Asians the atom bomb is the bomb which white men dropped on yellow men and which they would never have dropped on other white men. The West, of course, may declare that if atom bombs had been available for Hitler's war they would have been used in Europe. But Asians believe that their theory of racial discrimination is confirmed every time there is an H-bomb test in the Pacific. Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick may have reminded the Japanese Ambassador that Christmas Island is nearer the United States than Japan, and that the upper winds are more likely to carry radioactivity to the western hemisphere. Probably the Foreign Office gave a different assurance—that our bombs are being exploded at a high level, in order to minimise the danger of the local "fall-out" on the seas which provide the Japanese with their fish and on the vegetation which provides Asians with their food. But they may not convince the Japanese, who have made a special study of death-dust. Anyway, it is poor consolation to the rest of us. High level bursts aggregate the radioactive materials in the upper atmosphere so that they return to the earth's surface at the rate of 10 to 20 per cent. a year. The strontium found in the bones of Britain's atom-age babies and in the bones of Welsh sheep browsing 12,000 miles from the testing grounds should remind us of that. By Operation Gadarene, as I've heard it called, the H-bomb powers are blindly following each other towards the precipice edge of radioactive "tolerance." Macmillan ought to write-off the expense as he is writing-off other mistakes.

* * *

I'm glad to see that Judith Cripps at least is giving to the Red Cross the money that the *Daily Express* paid her for an exclusive interview. The whole affair of these exclusive interviews is pretty sordid. I hear that the *Express* and the *Mail* had both got hold of these bright young things before they started on their expedition and had teams of reporters to catch them the moment they

crossed the frontier and before they even got to the British Embassy in Vienna. As a result the press interview they gave was a shambles, with the reporters of the papers which had nobbled them instructing them what they might not say. None of this would matter much had not the result been to give the Austrian press, which did not understand why they were reticent, the impression that their activities were much more discreditable than they in fact were.

* * *

People I meet are very puzzled about the affair of the two men who escaped from Rampton Mental Institution and committed a series of crimes before they were recaptured. If they are known mental defectives, why are they now being tried—on charges of wounding with intent to murder, burglary, housebreaking, robbery, larceny, and possessing firearms on arrest? I find that the official view, which on reflection seems sound enough, is that even if they are not amenable to punishment, this series of crimes is an important part of the men's medical history, and may have a lot to do with what is to happen to them in the future. Therefore the allegations against them (any or all of which could be false) ought to be inquired into with at least the same thoroughness as if they were sane, and the only acceptable machinery we have for doing this is the criminal courts. They are certified mental defectives, detained at Rampton because of "vicious and dangerous" propensities. (One of them was actually flogged before the reason for his crimes was understood.) Like all certified patients, they are probably longing for decertification in due course. If this is to be delayed by what they are now alleged to have done, they are entitled to have the allegations strictly proved and to offer their defence. The alternative would be tantamount to conviction without trial; and what the Mental Deficiency Acts say is not (I am told) that a mental defective who commits a crime is to have no trial, but that his defect is to be taken into consideration when he is tried.

* * *

No sooner had this journal gone to bed last week than I found the Chestertonian passage to which I referred. I had got its general point right, but imagination had been stronger than memory about the details. It occurs in Chapter IX of *The Flying Inn* and refers to "one of the worst tricks of modern journalism; the trick of dismissing the important part of the question as if it could wait, and appearing to get to business on the unimportant part of it." The illustration is this: "Whatever we may think of the rights and wrongs of the vivisection of pauper children, we shall all agree that it should only be done, in any event, by fully qualified practitioners."

* * *

These spring mornings have got the Charing Cross blackbird quite confused. He is singing his head off when I wake about seven o'clock in the morning. Sometimes he even comes and sits on the blitzed shelf outside my window. The ledge has stood, half smashed, with a great piece of jagged metal lying loose on it, ever since a bomb hit it early in the war. It still serves a purpose. We throw bread on to it and a party of fat, plume-proud pigeons and insolent, lecherous sparrows rock 'n' roll on it. They don't need any food this muggy winter; they come just for the hell of it. I watch the sparrows ganging up on any of their number who is weak or old, and the cock pigeons turn from one hen to another, apparently unable to decide which to make their own. Probably all of them in turn. I watch this comedy side by side with Winkles, the golden-shred cat, just inside the closed window. He is just a *voyeur*; in the country he doesn't trouble to hunt a bird. By the window he quivers with delicious, frustrated sadism from the end of his tail to the tip of his wet nose. The mystery to me is why these pigeons and sparrows either do not see him only a few inches away from them or alternatively, if they do, how they know that a pane of glass is a safe barrier.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Alderman Sydney Beevers said one of the most important tasks of head teachers was to inculcate a sense of relative values. When it was urged that the statue of "The Reclining Figure" should be retained at Temple Newsam he wondered what effect such an exhibition of sheer idleness would have upon children.—*Yorkshire Post.* (R. S. Bradley.)

"I am asking the mothers I know personally," she told me yesterday, "to wear tiaras—if they have them. Tiaras do add a little indescribable 'something,' I think."—*Daily Mail.* (Virginia Paul.)

Puzzled (Bread Rolls).—You are quite correct in thinking that bread rolls should never be cut, but always broken into pieces—each piece being buttered just before it is eaten. Probably the "nice couple" whom you saw cutting their rolls in the restaurant were foreign visitors. In most other countries one *always* cuts a roll!—*Lady.* (B. J. Winter.)

When blonde 15-year-old schoolgirl Jean Reynolds goes to bed she turns off the light before undressing—because she feels so shy. The reason: "I have 1,003 photos of Elvis Presley stuck on the walls of my bedroom, all smiling down at me," said Jean at her Abbey Wood home yesterday. "It gives me a terrific thrill knowing he's there—I go to sleep dreaming about him."—*Sunday Graphic.* (John Macmillan.)

Epithalamion

"America and Germany . . . warmer gets the Big Love Affair."—*Daily Express.*

Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose Diocese
  Includes the heavy industries,
  Patron of amorous Banks
In the Hesperides, where dwell the Yanks,
Now locked in fierce embrace with German steel!
  Let Krupps and Thyssen feel
The lyric ecstasy of dollar loans
Conceived on trans-Atlantic telephones.
Hasten the golden harvest till there swells
An Epstein pregnancy of vast cartels
To salve the wounds of war and heal the schism;
  Then (in the best hotels)
Drink deep to Rugged Individualism!

Come, Cupid, aim thy never-failing dart
  At Klockner's steely heart;
  Let Hymen bind secure
Sweet Wall Street and the magnates of the Ruhr;
Let Dusseldorf and Pittsburgh now embrace,
  And every other place
Where the Teutonic or the Yankee kings
Have built their solid and substantial rings—
Bechtel and Blaw-Knox, Koppers (Inc.) and
  Kaiser
And each gigantic Private Enterpriser!
Let priests of High Finance unite the laymen,
And Middletown, Ohio, mate with Bremen
In fruitful union, where passion spends
Only to reap its glorious dividends . . .
  And then (Oh, wondrous sight!)
Petrolitarians of the World, unite!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Sartre, Picasso and the Party

In all western European countries the Soviet intervention in Hungary has provoked serious disputes in the local Communist parties; but the French party seems to have survived the crisis with the least difficulty. Certainly the party's vote has slumped at various by-elections held since, and there is widespread dissatisfaction among party intellectuals. But a sort of tacit cease-fire appears to have been signed between the Stalinist leaders of the party and their critics. There have been some open signs of discontent. Some 40 Communist artists and writers recently prepared an open letter to Mr. Gomulka congratulating him on the policies he has pursued since he came to power; following pressure from the leadership, it was decided not to send the letter, but its signatories have since been known as the *Gomulkistes*. Another attempt to break the silence was made by Pablo Picasso and nine other Communist intellectuals who, in a private letter to Maurice Thorez, demanded the summoning of a special party congress to discuss the attitude taken by the French party on Hungary. *L'Humanité* replied to this letter in a long article, which attempted to show that no viable criticism could be made of the party leaders for their "Marxist appreciation" of foreign events.

These are all the known facts. But there are also some well-attested rumours. For instance it is known that Picasso agreed not to press his demand for a special congress on condition that no disciplinary steps were taken against party intellectuals like himself who disagreed with the line on Hungary. In a further letter to Thorez he is said to have issued a virtual ultimatum: "If any of my friends, and in particular Hélène Parmelin (the wife of the well-known painter Pignon) is disciplined or expelled from the party, I will leave the party in the most public manner possible." Thorez, though with bad grace, apparently agreed not to molest the master's protégées.

One sees why. Picasso's departure would have been pounced upon with delight by the French mass-circulation press; and it would have been all the more damaging for the party leaders in that a number of their most important allies have already broken with them decisively. Among these allies by far the most important is Jean-Paul Sartre; and Sartre has not had any scruples in making the reasons for his attitude clear and public. His criticisms reveal the bitterness of a man who feels he has been deceived. After all, Sartre finally threw in his lot with the party—and hence with Stalinism—only a short time before the 20th Congress, and on the eve of Krushchev's secret session speech. And his last play *Nekrassov*, in which he made fun of the bourgeois press for playing up the "crimes" of the Stalinist regime, now looks pretty silly in the light of Mr. Krushchev's revelations.

Perhaps this explains why Sartre was in his very best polemical form when he wrote the decisive article in *L'Express* which signalled his break with the party. It was ferocious and uncompromising. He said to the Communists: "Until today you have always been able to pretend to be the party of the murdered. Now, in the eyes of the entire world, you are the party of the murderers." And he concluded by saying: "With the men who now run the French Communist Party, it is not, and it never will be, possible to resume relations. Each phrase and each gesture they use is the culmination of 30 years of

lies and aridity." Nevertheless, the party displayed a willingness to take this violent and irrevocable condemnation lying down. *L'Humanité* passed over the attacks almost in silence and the traditional epithets—"hyenas" and "type-writing jackals"—were kept in cold storage. Even more remarkable, during the recent by-election in Paris the local party federation asked Sartre to endorse its candidate. A number of distinguished Communists wrote to Sartre, in moving terms, in an attempt to persuade him that the moment was ill-chosen to launch total war against the party, since "reaction"—and by this they referred to the war in Algeria—was in the act of raising its ugly head again. It is clear, in fact, that at party headquarters nobody seriously believed that Sartre had left them for ever. His article in *L'Express* was interpreted as a burst of anger provoked by lying stories published in the bourgeois press. They even appeared to believe that the "authoritative" reports of André Still—editor-in-chief of *L'Humanité*—who witnessed, so he says, Hungarian workers "rejoice at the accession of Kadar to power," and who saw, in consequence, "Budapest recover its Socialist smile," would eventually succeed in opening Sartre's eyes.

But nothing of the sort happened. In the last issue of *Les Temps Modernes*, Sartre followed up his earlier attack with a more considered one running to 50,000 words. He deals with the criticism that he chose the wrong moment to attack the party by writing: "If this is not the right moment to attack Stalinism, then let us admit at once that the moment will never come. For if the Russians decided to invade Poland tomorrow and deport Gomulka, anti-Communism in France would naturally increase and once more the party chiefs would claim that it was more than ever necessary to rally round and support the party. . . . Yes, this is indeed the right moment. It is now or never—perhaps already it is too late. That things should have come to such a pass, that the same errors ten times denounced should have been committed yet again and should, in spite of this, be proclaimed as eternal truths, is proof, if proof is needed, that the French Communist Party is sick indeed. . . . And the party by virtue of its voting strength is the largest in France; infected, it will spread the disease to the entire left. Sartre's conclusion is that the real French left must fight a battle on two fronts against Communist treason and against the betrayal of the Socialists—for in this article, which is mainly devoted to the Communist Party, Sartre reserves a few searing pages for M. Guy Mollet. He writes: "It is difficult to think of anyone in history who has betrayed so many people at one and the same time as M. Mollet. First of all his allies. Before even forming his government he sacrificed Mendès-France at the behest of the M.R.P. Second, his electors, who brought him to power to make peace. And now here he is, with not one but two wars. Thirdly, he has betrayed all Frenchmen: he has shed their blood for no purpose, and, with the assistance of a team of criminals and imbeciles, he has squandered their meagre economic resources. He has revealed to all the world an image of France which we refuse to admit is a true one: *cruelle contre les faibles, lâche devant les forts*. Finally, and above all, he has betrayed his party."

But despite the pessimistic tone which runs through most of his article, which deplores the weakness and divisions of the French left, a more optimistic note can be read between the lines. For Sartre, the Stalinists won a temporary victory by destroying the Hungarian revolution; but they cannot win the war of ideas. Stalinism is condemned, and nothing can now save it. It is only a question of time while the truth seeps through the ranks of the party militants. By the same reasoning M. Mollet's betrayal of Socialism is so open and flagrant that here also truth must eventually prevail. With the destruction of the leading cliques of both parties, which in Sartre's view is inevitable, the left will once more regain its unity and so save France.

Is all this wishful thinking? Certainly a victory of the left has never seemed less likely than at the present moment. But at least one thing seems certain: Sartre's criticisms have had, and will continue to have, a major impact in French intellectual circles. They have been read and discussed by all thinking Communists. For a number of years they have regarded Sartre as a close and faithful ally, and they all believe in his sincerity. They may reject his conclusions, but they all take his arguments very seriously indeed. He has, in short, hit the Communist Party where it hurts. For though it is true that the party's strength comes mainly from its working-class supporters, it cannot live without the thousands of intellectuals which bring it prestige and self-confidence. It is no accident that in its electoral propaganda, the French Communist Party is accustomed to claim: "We are not only the party of the down-trodden, but also the party of the greatest minds in France from Joliot-Curie to Pablo Picasso." And if the first half of this claim is seriously challenged by Jean-Paul Sartre, the second half will soon cease to be true also.

K. S. KAROL

Up-Helly-Aa

THE New Year is past, Scotland settles down to Presbyterian gloom and hard work for long months ahead. Nobody keeps May Day. Nobody lights midsummer fires. The church has seen to that. Lost in the mists of the back-end, Hallowe'en is too far to see from January. But beyond Scotland—and take great care not to call their country Scotland—the Shetlanders celebrate Uphellyaa. They take care to tell the visitors that the burning of the galley was all thought out at the end of last century, it is only a tourist attraction. They don't perhaps altogether hold with it. But . . .

There certainly used to be a fire festival here—a tar barrel burnt as there was at New Year in my home village of Auchterarder, when the Heidyers and Futyers battled round it and the respectable kept within the houses. Then the police forbade the tar barrels as they had in other places, and as they keep on forbidding things in case people get hurt or become a nuisance or, still worse, damage property. But people, with their curious passion for human sacrifice, are always finding ways round such prohibitions.

So nowadays the Shetlanders have a torchlight procession, burn a galley and have a night out. It would be untrue to say that every man in and around Lerwick joins in every year, but it would be odd if they didn't do so at least one year in three. Some, I expect, never miss it. For it has everything: secrets, dressing up and playing with fire, as well as the enjoyment of a completely classless social occasion. It begins to start a few days before. In the bars men are giggling to one another about their parts like fourth-formers. But the bars are shut on the day, and for that matter the police are not to be seen. Order is in the hands of the Guizer Jarl, ruler of the festival and symbol, perhaps, of the old year. His sanction is that those who disobey shall not take part in next year's procession. In this community that is effective.

Lerwick is an attractive town. Its main shopping street, flagstone paved, wriggles round the brink of the harbour, sometimes opening on to tiny, sunny, gull-filled bays between stone walls and chimney pots. Steep lanes branch off to the upper town. The old Hansa warehouses, run end-on between street and sea, full of ancient rope or chain marks and secret passages. Follow the road round and you come to the modern town; well-built council houses, though those of the last few years suffer from the ruthless trimming-down of economy. But each house will have its peat stack, probably its boat in the back garden and stretchers for knitted jerseys. The modern harbour is busily up-to-date with concrete and cranes. The fishing is doing well and there is a growing American market for knitted goods. The hand-knitters have their own association which does much to raise the quality of the knitting, though there is still something to be learned along the lines of fashion sense and design. There is lime quarrying and some tweed is made, as well as an increasing amount of machine knitting; but there are virtually no other industries. The Shetland croft is a poor place, and the population has been dropping.

Yet Lerwick has this fire festival attended by a few dozen mainland tourists, the occasional American and the whole of the rest of Lerwick. It is, of course, a man's thing, and the "women" who cavort in the procession are no drum majorettes but handsome young fishermen. The men divide into squads—33 of them this year—with from 15 to 20 in each. During winter they are meeting secretly and making their clothes, headdresses and masks. This time they included some towering green sheep, town hall clocks, dog-fish and Mr. Therms. They are also making up rhymes and topical jokes and devising props. The most important squad is that of the Guizer Jarl. This accompanies the galley and always consists of Norse or Icelandic heroes.

There is also a boys' procession with, maybe, a hundred torches and a smaller galley. As it comes to the corner of the brae, it is met and hailed by the Guizer's squad with lifted spears. Sitting in the boys' galley is the boy Guizer Jarl, democratically elected by his fellows, just as the real Guizer Jarl is. The galley is drawn past you in the dark streets with this young creature still and solemn in the torchlight—child-chieftain or sacrifice. Then the procession moves through into the playing-field and the blazing torches are thrown into the galley. The lovely lines show through for a little as she burns, the rigging runs with flame. Suddenly you see the glint of a shield, the silhouette of raven wings or bull's horns as they must have been seen against the flames of burning house or abbey by our own forebears in mortal terror.

I'm not quite sure how much I hold with idealising the Vikings, who were so remarkably careless about human life and suffering, their own and others. But the whole thing is turned over in the minds of Shetlanders, who tend to be as tough as the Vikings but also very gentle, as one sees in the face of the present Guizer Jarl, a joiner by trade, bending over the two child Vikings who go with him in his ship. One of the Uphellyaa songs, by an old Socialist, Haldane Burgess, says "Our galley is the people's right, the dragon of the free," and I believe that feeling is somewhere in the minds of most of the Guizers.

The evening procession begins to form into squads. We meet the Socialist Convenor of the Zetland County Council, with the broadest

the things they say!

Huge place, isn't it?

Darn sight too huge, if you ask me. These new I.C.I. places cost millions and millions — and what's it all for?

Why, surely to make new chemicals for Britain's expanding industries . . . ?

Not a bit of it — profits for a few top hats in the City, that's all it's for, mark my words. It isn't right that a few men should control such wealth and power, and if I were running this country . . .

Oh, come. You talk as though I.C.I. were controlled by a few financiers answerable to no one but themselves.

Well, isn't it?

Of course not. Nor is any big public company today.

Go on! I.C.I. is run by a handful of directors, and don't you say it isn't.

Certainly the big policy decisions in I.C.I. are made by the Directors. But nearly all of them are men who've come up through the organization, and none holds his position on the strength of a big block of shares or anything like that. Anyway, control of I.C.I. ultimately lies in the hands of the I.C.I. stockholders.

And who are they, eh?

A fair cross-section of the community — from foremen plasterers to district nurses, from shop assistants to judges. All told, no fewer than a quarter of a million people. The number is going up all the time, too, for under I.C.I.'s Profit-Sharing Scheme over 80,000 of its employees are also being given shares in the business.

ICI

N

possible grin and a huge paper parcel under his arm which I connect with a rather odd-looking cap I saw in his house over on Bressay. He is full of bubbling delight and so are the rest of the men whom we have got to know in the last few days, senior and responsible people in administration, education or business. They have, for the moment, forgotten the difficulties of Shetland, the fact that although fishing and knitting are doing pretty well there is no living for the crofter and the population of the island is dropping cruelly: the fact that, like the Highlands which they despise, they terribly need industry. We watch from the doorstep of an enthusiastic Shetland lady who was, at one time, Convenor of the Education Committee and must have been an unusually inspiring one. She tells me what I can well believe—that there are those among the unco guid who don't hold with this, but she and all the rest of Lerwick, including the families of the Guizers, are waiting, rows of little white faces budding round the walled empty playing field.

Everything goes punctually to the minute, a thing I can hardly believe after the West Highlands. But the Jarl is scrupulously obeyed. There are some 600 torch-bearers now. First you see the furthest streets lighted up, the smoke swirling over house-tops. Then they come round and down, the galley swimming in a great curve pulled by boys who now at last are men. The Guizers are in two ranks with a brass band and a pipe band; their crazy head-dresses wobble by, squad after squad. For a moment one is shocked to see pretty girls among the ranks, then one realises that these, too, are Guizers.

After spectacular counter-marching they make for the playing field. The torches group at the side while in darkness the galley is manhandled into place on the pyre. Then the live blaze of torches circles it, singing and wheeling. At the last moment the Guizer Jarl, the old year, leaves it. And then the torches are thrown in from all round past winged and helmeted heads and in a moment the galley blazes up, end to end, dragon and mast.

Then comes the evening and the squads of Guizers going from hall to hall doing their turns, welcomed by their hosts and in turn cheering them. The Convenor, with an enormous false nose, talks in almost unintelligible Shetland speech, and then dances with me. Good dancers all, light on their feet, the whisky lifting them over the threshold of delight, but not yet slurring their actions. Much talk of rock 'n' roll, but the dances are mostly two-steps, waltzes and Gay Gordons. The halls are usually taken in shares by half a dozen people who pay for tea and cakes, local talent at piano and fiddle, and the washing up. Each asks a dozen people. The Guizer Jarl's squad is greeted with most ceremony, but they, too, park their spears and shields and dance. And all night and on till the late morning breaks these fantastic men march and dance about Lerwick.

In the morning the Convenor of Zetland rings up from his home on Bressay across the Sound. He has had a grand night, the best ever; no, he hasn't been to bed yet, but will I be sure to remember the memorandum about the hand-knitting and see what I can do for his islands?

NAOMI MITCHISON

Fleet Street Notebook

WHILE most daily papers gained circulation during the year, the outlook is bleak for the general interest magazines—especially those whose appeal is largely based on picture features.

Picture Post a few years ago had a circulation of over 1,400,000. It is now down to not much more than half that figure—an average of just under 739,000 for the six months ending December last to be exact. In 12 months it has lost over 186,000 readers. What is even more serious is that the rate of fall was immensely accelerated in the last half of the year. Circulation was 157,000 down on the six months alone. This fall coincides, moreover, with great efforts to increase the popular appeal of the paper. Publication date has been changed from Wednesday to Friday, in an attempt to develop a new technique of late news-picture features, production schedules have been speeded up, experiments of one kind and another made. Yet still the circulation plunges. Nor is *Picture Post's* main competitor, *Illustrated*, which still holds to Wednesday publication, in much better shape. Its circulation, once also well above the million, is now down to 717,000 and it has lost nearly as many readers during the year as *Picture Post*: a total of 167,000—113,000 of them during the last six months.

With a decline in sales, the ability to secure the kind of advertising necessary for expensive production of the kind in which both specialise has declined too. You look through the advertisement pages of a current issue of either paper, and compare it with the rich expanse of salesmanship that beckoned readers and delighted the accounts office in earlier days. Here is a short sharp lesson in modern newspaper economics. Coincidental with its latest circulation figures, *Illustrated*, in fact, has felt it wise to announce a sharp reduction in advertisement rates. One used to require £1,500 a time to get into the queue for a page in full colour in *Illustrated;* £1,000 for one in monotone. Now full colour pages are going for £1,000, pages in monotone for £750. Other general interest popular magazines such as *John Bull* and *Everybody's* have also suffered substantially in circulation, although *John Bull*, with a loss of just on 49,000 in the twelve months (33,000 in the last six), manages at a circulation of 1,085,000 to cling just above the million mark.

It seems in fact that unless some quite new technique and appeal can be developed, the day of the mass-circulation weekly magazines is in danger of passing. The threat of television, much feared but as yet not apparent in the morning sky of Fleet Street, has materialised in the sharpest possible form for the picture papers. It is difficult, in fact, to see how *Picture Post* and *Illustrated* can mobilise any forces adequate to meet it, although all the highest paid executive brains available to both organisations are busy with the task. Their original attraction lay in the visual appeal of their documentary features. They were newsy, topical and controversial. They combined entertainment with some social purpose; and, by the bold and skilful use of pictures they enabled great numbers of people to find out about exciting, amusing and worth-while things in an easy way. The television magazine programmes, *Panorama* and *This Week*, are, together with a host of television newsreels and documentaries, doing all this in a much more vivid and above all up-to-date way. By the nature of their medium they make an immediate impact the picture magazine cannot—and they leave very little over for these magazines to exploit. The little screen has given thousands upon thousands of people plenty to amuse them without buying a magazine, and has done so when production costs are higher and magazine economics much more delicately poised than ever before. The only exceptions to this rule are the women's weeklies. While the general interest magazines falter, they soar to new heights.

But if only women still want to read much for entertainment in the popular magazine world, I find it encouraging to be able to report that the demand for serious weekly journalism still stands remarkably steady. That important part of the community that wants to think and to be informed and turns to the weekly reviews to help it do so shows no signs of diminishing. In fact one of the most hopeful signs in current journalism, along with the rise in the circulation of the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Observer*, and the *Sunday Times*, is that the market for weekly reviews is still expanding. Circulation figures for the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION at 73,556 for the six months July-December, 1956 show a rise of just on 4,400 compared with July-December the previous year. And this increase accelerated considerably in the closing part of the year and has continued into 1957. The *Spectator* fell slightly but only by a few hundreds, from an average of 37,906 in the last six months of 1955 to one of 37,247 in the six months up to December last. Its appeal too is obviously a steady one. Serious journals seem to be most satisfactorily immune from the variable winds that whistle so alarmingly through the plushier pastures of journalism.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Young Idea

BATSY and Jonks must be about the same age: each refers to the other as "the old man." It is a sneer: no sentimental nonsense about age being meritorious; it is a reproach, a blemish, like any disability which may prevent a man doing a day's work if he wants to. I asked Batsy whether he knew why Jonks had not kept his promise to come and pick fruit. The "old man" Batsy said, had gone to London to see his sister. There was a sneer in that, too. For Batsy is cheerful: he only thinks it's going to rain when we need rain. But Jonks has a catastrophic mind: his usual greeting is "'Ere's a shockin' turn-out!" followed by a tale of misfortune, his own, a fellow villager's, or even taken from the paper. When no disaster offers, he invents one: he sees scab in the apples where no scab is. Ask him to spray the trees against this and he at once stuffs his nose with large quantities of cotton wool, to protect himself against harmless fungicide washes.

I asked Batsy if Jonks' sister was in trouble: he said she was; her "old boy"—not, that is, her husband, but her schoolboy son ("old boy" being East Kent for male child)—had committed an outrage. He told me what it was and I did not believe him; it was too frightful, and I knew him capable of inventing any story to the discredit of the Jonks clan or their connections. Besides, I knew the boy, he sometimes stayed with Jonks in the holidays, and was a quiet, clever lad of twelve, a shade sly perhaps. My first aquaintance with him was when I looked up from killing a chicken, which makes me sick (but if you're willing to eat them you should be willing to kill them) and found him looking at me over the hedge. He said, "Can I do one?" I said, "No, we only want one." He came with Jonks the next day and helped me make a new hen-coop; really helped; in fact he improved on my design.

At all events I did not believe Batsy. I thought that there was some misunderstanding, that the boy's little sister had been the victim of an accident at play. There was a younger brother involved in Batsy's horrible story. Accident or not,

it seemed the little girl was dead, Batsy would not have made that up.

"They done it with the clothes line," he said.

Jonks brought the boy, Eric, back with him. Eric was never talkative; now his silence was sullen. But he came with Jonks when Jonks was working for us, and even came alone, and he earned his one and sixpence an hour. If you tell him to weed, he weeds, because he already knows that pleasure and work are separate things, and he has learned that work is something you have to do for money but don't enjoy. A child of his time who will make a good hand at the conveyor belt. It did not take me long to justify the curiosity which drove me to make him talk about what he had done. I thought, or pretended to think, that it would be good for him to talk. He did so readily enough, so perhaps it was. I took, of course, the view—taken by the authorities, which was much to their credit—that his little sister's death had been a dreadful accident. But I don't know that it was: how do we know what the monstrous things *we* do, will do to children's minds?

I did not get his story all at once: first I had to hear about the house they lived in. His description, in mutilated English, evoked one of those north London streets of yellow brick turned khaki by soot, endlessly long, the houses all joined together and behind them "gardens" where the carrion of wood and metal objects rots slowly in the sterile mud. At the bottom of the "garden" there was a towering brick wall, an embankment as tall as the houses, carrying the railway out towards the more garish squalor of newer suburbs. But the rectangularity of the street had been mercifully broken by some of Mr. Betjeman's friendly bombs, blasting gaps now filled, for the most part, with once white prefabs turning greenish-grey, the climbing plants on their low, flimsy walls etiolated and chlorotic. Here and there was a bigger, older house, standing back from a half-moon drive, a patch of rank grass and, perhaps, a monkey-puzzle tree, mysteriously flourishing.

This vision was confirmed by Eric. He remembered a great space made by the bombs, and a deep hole often delightfully full of water. But hostile, spoil-sport *They* had filled it in, first with empty tins and rubbish, then with rubble. There had—some consolation—been a steam-roller to crush the rubble flat; and—more consolation—a kitten had got under it.

"Poor little thing!" Eric said, in an unnatural voice. Hypocrisy? Play acting? Sincerity? God knows. He grinned, "You never saw nothink in all yer life as flat as that kitten!" Well, yes, I could see that a completely flattened kitten *is* funny; but I had not Eric's detachment.

But the focus of romance for the neighbourhood children, the source of glamour, was The Prison, and its myth and legend, to which Eric looked up from the basement floor of his house—the other floors were occupied by four more families. Eric knew the prison well. He said, ". . . an' w'en they 'ung Poppy Wots'nime, wot done in 'er fancy chap wiv a gun . . .", he pointed his finger at me, and worked his thumb like a revolver hammer, "I was there, I seen it."

"The hanging?"

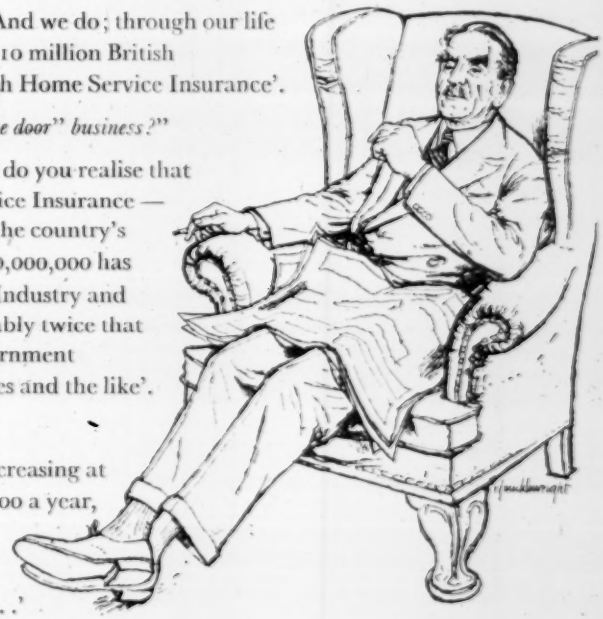
"Naow. They won't let yer. The notice. There wasn't 'arf a crowd! But I seen it, I read it—well, I could'a done—near as me to you, it was."

No question but the prison, dominating the neighbourhood by its architectural hugeness, its taboo enclosures, its mystery, the tremendous prestige given it by the press, the "apartness" of its inmates, both criminal and official, was, to Eric, what we may suppose the cathedral to

Who on earth can save?

'Save . . . save . . . save! That's all you hear these days. I ask you, who can save?'

'We all can, George. And we do; through our life assurances. And so do at least 10 million British families — through Home Service Insurance'.



'Ah! You mean this "man at the door" business?'

'Exactly, George. And do you realise that this "business" — Home Service Insurance — invests enormous sums in the country's economic welfare? Over £300,000,000 has already been invested in Industry and Commerce alone, while probably twice that amount has gone into Government Securities, Mortgages and the like'.

'Really? You astonish . . .'

'And these savings are now increasing at the rate of about £60,000,000 a year, which I think you'll admit is pretty good'.

'Yes — but . . .'

'And all this comes about through that well known personality, the Insurance Man, who goes from home to home collecting premiums, paying claims, and generally being counsellor and guide to these 10 million families who look on him as a personal friend'.

'Yes — but how . . .'

'You may think that all this has nothing to do with the kind of insurances you and I hold. You couldn't be more wrong. The Home Service Insurance Man also does a substantial proportion of the "ordinary" life assurance business in this country, as well as a lot of fire and accident insurance. All in all, George, as an instrument of our economic survival, the Insurance Man is doing a good job of work'.

10 million families save through HOME SERVICE INSURANCE

CP 44 *Issued by The Industrial Life Offices*

have been to the children of a medieval city—the source, which each generation needs and perhaps gets according to its deserts—from which radiates all in man's life which is not bread alone.

Moreover it was another myth-charged object which played at least a practical part in Eric's attempt to grow up, to act a man's part in little. This object was a dead tree by the fence in the garden, a bole with one horizontal branch at seven or eight feet from the ground. Doubtless it had been dead for many generations and would, in any atmosphere not charged with the fungicidal sulphur of the old gas-works, the chemical factory and the big railway yard, have been destroyed by the natural agents which dispose of vegetable carrion. But it was sound enough to serve as one upright for Eric's mother's clothesline, whereon she hung washing to gather smuts on those Mondays announced by "the wireless" as likely to be good drying days. Sound enough, for that matter, to bear the weight of a child, although Eric never even thought of that, but only that the tree suggested a stylised gallows, perhaps figured in a dream on the night after *They*—for once not hostile but generous dispensers of spiritual nourishment—hanged "Poppy."

Nor, I think, when he was using his clever little hands to complete the symbol by constructing a "drop" beneath the tree, had he any idea of growing up to the extent of carrying out an execution. He was, like any artist, employing hands and mind to finish something chance had started. Then, too, he is a great reader, notably of his mother's *Daily Mirror* and of a space-ship book which his teacher confiscates, apparently because the gigantic half-caste, "nigger" who commands the piratical cosmic raider, is too prone to flog the stripped female captives of his company's inter-planetary prowess.

For his carpentry Eric, imitating father when mum wanted a new shelf, finds his timber after dark, in the old fence of plank about the marshalling yard. His tools are father's. The hinge of the trap was made of an old inner tube from the great dump of old tyres on a neighbouring bomb-site used by a dealer in scrap. The thing was most ingeniously wrought: two big staples with a length of polished broom handle through them. You gave that one good wallop with a mallet; out it shot; and down went the trap. And, having explained this mechanism, the boy set his head on one side, stretched his neck, twisted his mouth, stuck out his tongue, rolled up his eyelids and seemed positively to be hanging, a miniature image of Villon's *frère humain*. Then he resumed his ordinary manner, but not quite: his eyes remained opaque.

In what followed he never mentioned his sister's name. It was, he said, Bill, the younger brother, who played "the 'ome sekkertary." Bill, like most younger brothers, probably always gets the lean parts, but then Eric had not only to play the hammier common hangman, but to produce his play, his modern Mystery, his object lesson, self-administered, in civics. However, Bill had one good line to speak: *No reprieve*. That, Eric explained, was because the "'ome sekkertary can 'ang 'em or not, see, just as 'e likes. That's the law that is."

What I could not discover was whether Eric really *expected* the total, realistic success of the game. Can he have understood that he was *killing* his sister? Did he know that death, what *They* had done to Poppy Wots'nime whom, like Bill, the Home Secretary had refused to reprieve, was irrevocable? Certainly he knew nothing about the soul; the only priest or substitute priest who had ever made any impression on him being an American revivalist whom he equated with crooners and boxers, who was, essentially, an entertainer. But did he know that he had destroyed the something which was between the integrity of his sister's body and its still corruption? He is not my child, I did not care to be more open with him than he with me. Did he, when he saw what was happening, understand it, try to cut the cord or lift the little girl's weight? I dared not ask him, I did not know what protective scar I might be scratching off, and the most I could say was, "You never meant, well, *it* to happen?"

He stared at my feet, sulkily, and muttered something: No reprieve, I think it was.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Post-war Office Buildings

WHAT is wrong with office buildings, when so much other architectural work in England is at least interesting and lively? In plain words they are at best "respectable," at worst execrable, and the average, by international standards, is depressingly low.

While there are no valid excuses, there is inevitably a background. First to mind comes the present system of patronage. The great majority of offices, built for letting, are financed by the Insurance Companies and the Banks. These patrons (for such they are whether they like it or not) are anonymous, even amorphous; unlike the familiar philistine, not only do they know nothing about architecture but they do not even know what they like. When they seek advice it seems to be the views of the æsthetic reactionaries of Burlington House which prevail, opinions concealing, one can only presume, some sort of obscure private joke. Yet I do not know of one serious architect who is not anxious to try his hand at this work, or of one who is afraid of the technical difficulties which, of course, exist.

Could one expect the patronage to be more enlightened? In New York and other American cities there is intense competition amongst similar patrons to lead in quality and originality, and the services of those architects who venture further than most are sought for—a situation not unlike that of the English eighteenth century.

A second difficulty: building owners require the maximum number of lettable square feet on sites which cost fortunes, whereas planning control limits the density of development. The result is commonly to force on the architect set-backs above a certain level and sometimes peculiar plan shapes, light wells, and so on. Hence comes the customary fading away into indeterminate shapes, say 80ft above the pavement, and the search by every device to gain floor area at the expense of all other values. The problems set by this clash of interests are not, however, insoluble in terms of good design.

Thirdly, England is an unusually exacting country for building and London has specific problems. The annual temperature range of about 70°F between the extremes includes frost and considerable heat, but not in that degree which justifies sealed (air-conditioned) buildings or other extreme measures. Rainfall is moderate (23.8in in London) but precipitation includes snow, hail, storm-driven rain, Scotch mists, against which the building must be proof. The atmosphere is filthy, rich in acids as in soot. The greatest angle of the sun is only 62° at noon of midsummer day; the sun is a friend too seldom seen to have any strong effect on design. Compare the tropics and the Mediterranean and desert climates where the sun, often an enemy, forces decisive measures on the architect. It is understandable that in London there is caution both in design and choice of materials.

These are I think the main causes of the dim mediocrity growing up around us. Only the first, patronage, is artificial.

The buildings we complain of have a common characteristic: they are dull, boring, uninteresting, uninspired, ordinary, or whatever similar epithet you like. (Victorian office buildings are much more interesting, if often more offensive.) The New Architecture, led by a great artist and inventive genius, le Corbusier, has been perverted and the doctrine of "functionalism," of cleanliness of structure and clarity of purpose, has been interpreted to mean that absence of complication equals good architecture. One feels that Friday afternoon is the time for "doing the elevation", just before the golfing or yachting week-end, and that these elevations are thought to have grown up "functionally" because they have been left to the last.

Office buildings, which must have a large number of repetitive windows, are deceptively simple. They usually have a central corridor on all upper floors, and only the lifts, staircases and lavatories are fixed; the partitions are movable and put in to suit the lessees' requirements. The building above first floor is a hollow container of ten or so horizontal planes. The architectural values must derive from the proportions and patterns of a single large slab and the elevations dominate the whole conception. The exterior is truly the starting point.

Buildings in a street are rather felt than seen, I believe. Few London sites allow a long view nor are the streets wide enough for one to grasp the design of a whole facade. Office buildings are usually large, the surroundings usually chaotic, confused, not only in detail by "street furniture" (lamps, signs, etc.), and by the traffic, but also in mass by the haphazard shapes and divergent sizes of neighbouring buildings. It is customary to argue from this that the building will seldom, if ever, be seen as a whole. This is true, but at the drawing board the architect must design in blinkers, so to speak, and rely on his knowledge and imagination to make the adjustments needed because of oblique views and foreshortening. In the hands of a skilful architect it is remarkable what illusions of depth can be created with little actual modelling, and what satisfaction there is in detail which is sure in touch. Elevations conceived and composed in these terms retain their value in oblique view and gain, perhaps, unexpected qualities.

In these recent London office buildings wonderfully little is made of those coloured materials which will stand up to the atmosphere. If I may generalise, Paris is grey, Rome apricot, Baghdad sandy. London's happiest colours are brown grading to yellow ochre, colours which on sunny summer evenings glow with the brilliance of a Canaletto view. The possibilities of stained glass and of luminescent ceilings, which in New York define the spatial geometry of glass-fronted buildings, have been left unexplored. "Curtain walls" of uninterrupted glass in metal framing, which can be excellent if not merely bought by the yard, reflect the moving sky and other buildings whose silhouettes they flatten charmingly.

It seems to me that musing in this fashion is done far too little. From such reflections, from thoughts of the old beauties of Babylon and the study, say, of Piero della Francesca's stately frescoes, come those qualities called poetic. Yet these are no idle daydreams. It is a hard fact that those who are willing and able to let their feelings range in such a way are the very architects who produce the most carefully designed, the most efficient buildings. The discipline of the creative artist is the most exacting in the world. If it is tempered by the demands of enlightened patrons, so much the better.

JAMES CUBITT

Maria Callas

WHAT a wonderful thing it is, the feeling of a great theatrical occasion! All along Bow Street and Floral Street people were jingling coins in open palms as a symbol of their not yet extinguished hope of somehow or other getting into Covent Garden to see and hear Maria Callas as Norma; the house could have been sold out six times over. And when at last, after one of the most prolonged and effective build-ups in all opera, the Druid priestess made her majestic entry, all was instantly explained; let cynics say what they would, this was something far above the world of publicity and ballyhoo; it was a glimpse, in our day almost unique, of what is meant by the grand tragic manner. Mme Callas has always made a striking appearance as Bellini's heroine; but she is now immeasurably more noble and poetic than before. Gone is the slight suggestion of an athletic campus girl with purposeful stride and brawnily folded arms; gone, too, by some miracle into which is hardly suits a music critic to inquire, several stones—so we are authoritatively told—of superfluous flesh. What we now see is a classical heroine lithe as a ballerina, with arched brows, burning eyes and a somewhat Oriental profile such as might be found on a Greek coin or a Minoan fresco: a woman who in presence, gesture and authority is absolute mistress of the stage. The role of Norma calls for an immense range of emotions—imperious, tender, amorous, scornful, pitiful, exalted; all these she has composed into a portrait of harmonious beauty and theatrical force. Also she can sing.

Here controversy begins. How good, precisely, is her singing? Sour, uneven, unsteady, says one faction; shapely, grand, classical, says the other. Absurd as it may seem to admit it, both are right. The man who thinks Mme Callas a perfect vocalist has no ear; the man who fails to see that she is one of the supreme artists of our day has no taste; I find myself equally impatient with both. First, one should distinguish between the use she makes of her voice and the instrument itself. The instrument is fascinating but faulty; so, according to the best contemporary judges, was that of the great original Norma, Giuditta Pasta. Pasta had to work like a slave to transform a voice "originally limited, husky and weak" into a fitting medium for her genius, and some of its deficiencies were never wholly removed; I should guess that Mme Callas has worked quite as hard to banish the somewhat different flaws in her own equipment, and with a similarly incomplete success. To begin with, her tone is for the most part reedy, and somewhat veiled. This is not pure loss; to many passages her somewhat acid timbre gives character, edge and meaning, such as a blander voice could not supply. But for a round and ample serenity of tone, such as we find in Flagstad or in Milanov at her best, we shall look in vain. A more serious, and fortunately more easily curable, fault is the heavy pulse which tends to develop in her sustained notes, especially those above the stave; in this respect, however, I find her vastly improved this year. Her flexibility is wonderful; her breath seemingly limitless; her intonation, like that of many great artists, liable to occasional disconcerting lapses. In general, her voice is not of the kind we call "God-given"; one feels that she has largely made it herself out of somewhat intractable material.

But, whatever may be thought of the timbre of Mme Callas's voice, there can be no two sensible views about her style and taste. As is well known, her repertory is fabulous in extent; her Norma is merely the most famous picture in a gallery which ranges from Lucia and Gilda, on the one hand, to Tosca and Aida on the other, and which once even contained a Wagnerian wing (now closed to the public). Throughout this repertory, so far as I have heard it, she exhibits an intense and positively thrilling determination to extract every shade of meaning and dramatic life from each note and word; there is no more scrupulous artist before the public. She has the feeling of a Casals for the shaping of a long melodic line, and the declamatory power of a great tragedienne of the spoken drama (if such a person can now be said to exist outside our imaginations). Both these qualities she displays again and again as Norma: declamatory grandeur, for example, in the long recitative that precedes "Casta Diva", exquisite melodic shapping in the D minor arioso, "Teneri, teneri figli", which she takes over from the cellos at the beginning of Bellini's Act 2. At such moments one could indeed cry out; with Pollione, "*Sublime donna!*"

Of the actual Pollione of this occasion not much need perhaps be said. He was a last-minute replacement, and he played the entire opera like a batsman who does not aim at scoring runs, but only at saving his wicket; at the final curtain he was still stone-walling, still not out. Nicola Zaccaria, on the other hand, was much the best Oroveso we have had since the war: a firm, dignified, sonorous bass. Ebe Stignani was once again the Adalgisa. If a singer sings well enough, I can accept much in the way of visual unsuitability; but, even to my undemanding eye, Mme Stignani no longer seems a conceivable *younger* rival to the Norma of Mme Callas. She still sings pretty well, in a solid, matronly sort of way; but I have never been convinced of the desirability of a mezzo Adalgisa, and find it difficult to see how this long-standing tradition can have begun, since the first Adalgisa was Giulia Grisi, one of the most famous of nineteenth-century sopranos, who was to become in her turn the greatest Norma of her day. With two well matched sopranos, the passages in thirds could sound much smoother than they did at Covent Garden;

TITO GOBBI

The impressive "Rigoletto" of Tito Gobbi at Covent Garden last summer was praised unanimously; nor have we forgotten his dramatic "Scarpia" of 1955. His recordings of these powerful rôles should not be missed . . .

'RIGOLETTO'
VERDI
in which he is Rigoletto
with **MARIA MENEGHINI CALLAS,**
GIUSEPPE DI STEFANO, NICOLA ZACCARIA,
ADRIANA LAZZARINI
and Orchestra and Chorus of La Scala, Milan
conducted by **TULLIO SERAFIN**
33CXS1324 33CX1235-6*

'TOSCA'
PUCCINI
in which he is Scarpia
with **MARIA MENEGHINI CALLAS,**
GIUSEPPE DI STEFANO, FRANCO CALABRESE,
ANGELO MERCURIALI
and Orchestra and Chorus of La Scala, Milan
conducted by **VICTOR DE SABATA**
33CX1094-5*

(Recorded in co-operation with "E.A. Teatro alla Scala," Milan)
Line-by-line libretti are available for use with these recordings, price 4/6. and 3/-, respectively.

COLUMBIA
33⅓ r.p.m. Long Playing Records
COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO. LTD., RECORD DIV., 8-11 GT. CASTLE ST., W.1

OTARD

The only Brandy bottled at the Château de Cognac

FAMOUS SINCE 1795

when sung out at full volume, they roughened and distorted horribly, and this roughness was certainly due quite as much to Mme Stignani as to Mme Callas. In all other respects their duets went capitally, and "Mira, o Norma" roused the house to a display of enthusiasm which must have astonished the severer sort of musician who supposes all such music to be as dead as a door-nail. John Pritchard is mercifully not such a musician; he conducted Bellini's naive and lovely score with obvious affection and with considerable skill and judgment, except that he allowed the final scene to drag a little. For some reason Alan Barlow's decor and the anonymous production have come in for hard words from some of my colleagues; both seem to me among the happiest achievements of Covent Garden. It was altogether an evening to remember with gratitude.

A few days before, Sadler's Wells had greatly distinguished itself by the first complete professional performance of Puccini's *Trittico* ever given in England: an enjoyable and impressive evening, which might almost have been designed to display the remarkable strength of Mr. Tucker's company, despite the cruel financial handicaps under which he is forced to work. *Il Tabarro*, under Leo Quayle, went especially well; Victoria Elliott and Ronald Dowd gave the lovers a genuine note of Latin passion, and the important minor roles were beautifully filled; only Alfred Orda, as the jealous barge-master, seemed a little out of the picture, more like some neurotic mariner in Conrad. Professional English good taste finds *Suor Angelica*, with its Roman Catholic picture-postcard ending, too much to stomach; I myself enjoy it, as they would say, "up to a point," while finding it musically a good deal less inventive than its companions. Elisabeth Fretwell made an eloquent heroine and Patricia Johnson a formidable Aunt; the decor of Peter Rice was exceptionally happy, all but a stage fountain which hissed like a pressure cooker for a *mauvais quart d'heure* at the start. *Gianni Schicchi*, an old favourite of the company, had a clever protagonist in Denis Dowling and came off well in rather a crude sort of way: the lyrical element was understressed, and some of the fun was forced. But no admirer of Puccini's genius should miss the rare chance of seeing this first-rate triple bill.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Intellectual Drama

MANY, many years ago when I was at Cambridge, Mr. Terence Gray founded there his extraordinarily interesting Festival Theatre. Where else but in one of our two great intellectual centres, he doubtless thought, should one expect to be able to establish a theatre devoted to the best in stagecraft and playwriting? To Cambridge's shame the Festival Theatre failed. It would be no less to the shame of Oxford if they did not support Mr. Frank Hauser's enterprise at the Playhouse. He hasn't, as Terence Gray, had a wonderfully equipped modern theatre fitted with all the latest devices. But he is showing great discretion in providing the kind of plays which one can imagine an Oxford audience wanting to see. Surely, for instance, all the intellectual sprigs are welcoming the chance of discovering for themselves what sort of stuff it is that has made this man, Ionesco, the talk of young Paris. And doubtless they have been flocking (if not off their own bat, at least on the advice of their tutors) to see his play this fortnight. But I did notice that there was room for a good many more of them on the night I happened to go.

Mr. Hauser chose, and produced, *The Lesson*, which was given in an earlier and slightly rougher production at the Arts. Not being an intellectual sprig, I can admit to finding Ionesco rather tiresome. There are some very funny jokes but they all seem to go on too long and some of them strike me as unnecessarily obscure. But mine seems to be a minority view with the minority. Edgar Wreford and Prunella Scales give a very good account of the libidinous old professor and his pupil.

The other half of the programme was Anouilh's *Medea*—a comparatively early work, but an interesting one. It covers the one episode of her sending the poisoned veil to the daughter of the King of Corinth when she finds that Jason is determined to marry her. The modern argument spun above the old legend has two themes. First in a long encounter with the King of Corinth Medea begs for a day's respite from his sentence of immediate banishment. He weakly grants it to her and it is she who exposes the weakness. Governors must govern. The respite will be (as we already know) fatal to the King, his daughter and to Jason. Medea is a self-proclaimed Outsider and this leads to the second stage of the argument. Jason, who has been happy to be an Outsider with her, is moving over to the Establishment. He wants to settle down. Impossible, hope! Once he has linked himself to a Medea, he can never get free.

The clue to these reworkings of ancient themes is to establish the tone of voice, so to speak, in the acting which will communicate the modern gloss on them. This tone is light, diaphanous, delicate, in the treble; the bass in taken care of by the thundering old events themselves. I am not sure that the actors at Oxford were all aware of this. Mr. Jerome Willis, for instance, in the role of Jason was altogether too heavy and wooden. The conception was interesting—he looked like an Edwardian oleograph of a sea captain—but he missed the poetry and richness of the long passage of recollection, just as the Creon missed the façade of power (though it had admittedly already crumbled). Medea, of course, is something of a cross-bred in this company. That much neglected actress, Miss Joan Miller, took her rather in the sense of a Tennessee Williams heroine. It makes an interesting cross-reference and she gave us a very powerful and thrilling version of it. I have only one suggestion to make. There is a real danger of vocal monotony in her middle range. The rasp is a shade too insistent. I hope she will guard against it when she goes to Stratford this year.

But this made a most interesting double bill which deserves Oxford's attention. The next interesting event is the world premiére of a new Obey play, which Mr. Hauser has somehow secured. This opens on February 19.

T. C. WORSLEY

Statements

THE exhibition at the I.C.A., called *Statements*, is a thoughtfully selected review of British abstract art in 1956. Each entry is accompanied by a statement written by the artist about his aims. These are, for the most part, quite sensible and helpful, and the catalogue will some day be considered an interesting document of the period. However, I must confess that after trying to fit the twenty-one paintings, sculptures and constructions to their respective statements my head began to spin and my recollections of the works themselves are in consequence somewhat vague. About half of them are formal abstractions that relate to pre-war styles, while the rest are freer and more expressionistic, and often show the direct influence of American action painting. On the more formal side there is a fine austere painting by Ben Nicholson that recalls his earlier still-lifes, although its title, *Arezzo 2*, implies that it is a landscape. Barbara Hepworth rather perversely illustrates a good sculpture by a bad poem, and Terry Frost shows a painting called *Black, White and Pink, December*, in which he experiments ingeniously with spatial effects. The painters working in a looser, more spontaneous manner tend to be more self-conscious. The extent of the impact of action painting can be judged by the fact that it has deeply affected so traditional an artist as Rodrigo Moynihan; and indeed his painting is one of the best in the exhibition. It is interesting to see how the qualities of his previous work, its sensibility and taste, have been retained, even though his style has undergone such a complete change. But whereas the work of American artists such as Pollock, De Kooning and Kline was the result of a complete break with traditional painting, here there is not a great difference of mood between the Constructivist purity of works by Pasmore and Anthony Hill and the controlled use of pictorial accidents in Patrick Heron's latest style and in the work of Bryan Wynter. New York has replaced Paris as the international metropolis, but English painting still remains provincial.

The statements of the artists even more than the works themselves indicate the extent to which action painting is producing a new æsthetic. All reveal a preoccupation with the physical act of painting; and whether what emerges is abstract or figurative appears not to matter. Some of the painters begin with an image or an idea but lose it in the process of creation. In other cases images suggest themselves or materialise spontaneously as the painting progresses. Many of the painters regard painting as an intense, almost mystical, experience which enables them to find out something about themselves and about the external world, since in the canvas they have at least one piece of reality with which they can have a direct personal relationship. But what the statements also reveal is that while battling with the canvas the artist inevitably becomes interested in its pictorial possibilities.

In this way the "action" of attacking the canvas with paint develops into a picture to which the conventional language of art criticism can be applied. However, it is by the quality of the original "action" that these painters would presumably claim to be judged, and although this is

universities and left review

contents of first issue include:

Isaac Deutscher	Destalinisation and the Soviet Crisis.
Claude Bourdet	The French Left—Current trends.
Lindsay Anderson	Commitment in Criticism—Cinema.
Peter da Francia	Commitment in Criticism—Art.
E. P. Thompson	Intellectuals and the Labour Movement.
Eric Hobsbawm	Marxism in the Social Sciences.
Joan Robinson	Full Employment and After.
G. D. H. Cole	What is happening to Capitalism?
Prof. H. D. Dickinson	The Accumulation of Capital.
David Marquand	The Politics of Lucky Jim.
Charles Taylor	Can Political Philosophy be Neutral?

You can obtain the journal by subscribing 7/- (for three issues) at Better Books, Collets Bookshops or direct to R. F. Prince, Business Manager, Magdalen College, Oxford.

FELLOWSHIP HOLIDAYS ABROAD

This summer The H. F. offers 51 holidays abroad, from the Arctic Circle to the Mediterranean (and many more holidays in Britain), where friendly groups spend their days exploring the countryside and towns, and meeting the local people. Make your holiday more than a holiday—make it an unforgettable experience with a Fellowship group, whether you come with friends or a family, or as an individual. Full details are in the free illustrated booklet *HOLIDAYS ABROAD* from:

Room 43
THE HOLIDAY FELLOWSHIP
142 GREAT NORTH WAY : LONDON NW4

something that it is obviously hard for the critic to assess, the best American painters of this school do manage to convey an impression of spontaneous excitement and emotional intensity that English action painters have so far failed to achieve.

JOHN GOLDING

Viewing and Learning

THE discussion of broader issues has left me little space recently for comment on particular television or sound-radio programmes.

There is a high mortality among programme-series on the commercial channel, whose restless controllers are constantly seeking perfection as they conceive it—the largest number of viewers in a waking trance for the longest possible time in accordance with the most rigidly repetitive weekly pattern.

I shall miss *Under Fire*, which finishes next Friday. Though rather too short (fifteen minutes), it has shown a way of making lively viewing out of a rudimentary political quiz: its Lancashire audience, encouraged to heckle and barrack the experts in London, is a welcome change from the rows of static, polite mutes to be seen in some programmes. Unruffled by the aggressiveness of last Friday's questioners, Mr. Sydney Silverman and Mr. Angus Maude succeeded brilliantly in condensing into their answers the gist of the case against hanging.

I shall not, however, miss *Two for the Money*, which has always seemed to me one of the silliest of give-away quiz games and a gross waste of the talents of Mr. Bernard Braden, one of those rare professionals who never seem *too* professional and can safely be left alone with the viewers for indefinite periods of time. Mr. John Slater is another of these: like Mr. Braden, he is sometimes misused (in this case, in a silly advertising magazine); but he can appear on the screen alone and simply tell an anecdote, lasting perhaps ten minutes, with such completely unobtrusive skill that, unlike Coleridge's "one of three," you not only can't, you don't *want* to, switch off.

Next week, too, ends a strange little Thursday afternoon adventure serial, *School of Secrets*, which is meant for ITV's junior viewers but would make uproariously funny entertainment for sophisticated adults viewing in company. I couldn't understand at first why the headmaster of this isolated clifftop private school, and his wife, seemed so stiff and sinister; it was only in the third of the five episodes that we learned that they had taken over the school (not approved, I assume, by HMI?) as a cover for the smuggling of stolen diamonds. Some of the boys act well, notably Mr. Christopher Sandford as the new boy whom the wicked Head victimises for stumbling on part of the secret.

Quite unlike this was the Secondary Modern School visited in the first of the BBC's new series, *Challenge to Education*. Although it was broadcast at 9.30 p.m. and the children, therefore, had to re-enact their daytime activities, the fact that it was done live as an Outside Broadcast did make this programme seem more authentic, and Mr. Robert McKenzie conducted the interviews with his normal aplomb, using rather too often, however (at least ten times), the embarrassingly patronising word "youngsters." The youngsters had also, apparently, been over-rehearsed into camera-shyness. I have never seen such an unsmiling, good-as-gold lot of boys and girls. The headmaster, too (who said "pardon me" when he had to clear his throat), looked almost Niobesque in his moroseness. Tonight (Friday) we are to be taken to the College of Further Education, Port Talbot. This series is a worthy successor to that BBC documentary triumph, *The Hurt Mind:* it will take some viewers a long time to forget, in one of that series, the ex-sergeant reliving the experience of being trapped in a burning tank at El Alamein, while the psychiatrist at his head dropped ether on the pad above his face and repeated insistently: "Go on, *jump*, then."

Such serious programmes as these, when contrasted with the most successful of the commercial programmes, may provoke speculation on the purpose of education in the age of television. Fascinating as, for instance, *The 64,000 Question* is, it is a sobering thought that, for an increasing number of people, the main purpose of education is to enable those who "have" it to win big prizes in TV quiz games. I sympathised with the man, answering questions on geography, who fell down on the last one, which required him to identify the stone out of which Petra is carved; and I agreed with him that this question belonged more properly to geology. But it did occur to me that this was almost the only one of these questions that an educated man, in the old sense of the phrase, would have been able to answer—since such a man would not have burdened his brain with factual data that can be found in reference-books, but *would* have recalled Dean Burgon's famous line.

Most of the past week's notable productions have been on the BBC channel. The quasi-Brechtian technique and mystical overtones of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* proved admirably suitable for this medium; and Miss Heather Sears, as Emily, played up to a perfect piece of casting. The BBC also gave us, in *The Secret Life of Danny Kaye*, one of the best of Mr. Ed Murrow's programmes. *Panorama* showed an actual example of "natural childbirth"; but the argument between Dr. Dick Read and an orthodox doctor was at least as absorbing as the brief film of the event itself. It was as well that we knew in advance that this item was coming, or many viewers might have switched off when some of those Oxford "students", home from Hungary, appeared for an interview, having already been done to a turn by Mr. Robin Day on ITN. However, the Wyatt style is equally astringent, and the retold tale was not boring just because it seemed so unconvincing. The young men had had "no time" to shave off those dreary wisps of beard—an operation that could have been done in a few minutes in the TV make-up room. The truest word that their spokesman uttered was almost his last: "Frankly, it wasn't worth it."

TOM DRIBERG

Military Lark

HOW many fascinating war adventures we have brought to the screen: the wooden horse, the dead spy planted on the Spanish coast, and now, in *Ill Met by Moonlight*, the kidnapped general! These appeal to us more than the war-winning exploits or the straight tales of heroism; to have diddled the enemy (and of course beaten him—that's taken for granted) is somehow deeply satisfying, and I fancy the same national predilection accounts for the high prestige of a H. de Vere Cole, who not only reviewed the Fleet but—some would say, even more inspired—dug up Piccadilly. In fact we enjoy a taste for buffoonery which in wartime can serve practical purposes. I don't know how Major Leigh Fermor employed himself before or since, but probably it needed the presence of a German General in Crete, guarded by 20,000 troops, to bring out a touch of genius.

The General had a habit of travelling every day by car between his headquarters and the villa where he lived suitably to his dignity. Leigh Fermor proposed, with a handful of partisans, to hold up the car, drive away with the general, and finally smuggle him out of the island and to Cairo. It was a glorious idea. Amazingly, it came off. Two Guards officers, speaking bad German, managed to get past all the sentries. Poor General Kreipe had to suffer one indignity after another, being sat on in the back of the car, sitting or trying to sit on a donkey going over the mountains, seeing his huge organisation tricked by a couple of adventurers who—when it came to the crucial point—didn't know Morse for signalling the boat waiting offshore. Why, even the "demned Pimpernel" was professional compared with these two!

Here (at the Odeon) is as fetching a piece of bravado as one could wish for. But does the film match the story? No. It has splendid landscape (Southern France, we are told), capable actors, and Messrs. Powell and Pressburger, who in their day have been adventurous. They are not so here. They have decided that their hero shall be of the cool ninny type, and so Mr. Dirk Bogarde is groomed to this; the tone of the whole thing is consistently too light, and romantic undertones of local music (agreeable) and studio moonscapes (unmistakable) have been introduced; the adventurer amuses and thrills up to a point but never quite becomes real, because while Powell and Pressburger have taken pains to be casual they haven't bothered about reality. That early landing in a cove—half-a-cigarette, we are told, away from the nearest German troops—is conducted like a scene from a grand opera, with enough uproar to set the whole island on the alert. We never quite believe in the Germans who are English, by contrast with the Cretans who are Cretan; Mr. Marius Goring makes quite a good Kreipe but we can't help being aware of his making it. These things would matter little if the film were taut and tense. But it isn't. It plays its coolness too coolly, and ambles about when it should drive straight. Nevertheless, the events it is based on exercise a grip.

Another English film, *Town on Trial*, at the Marble Arch Odeon, has modelled itself so closely on American methods, that the Englishness of the Yard superintendent (John Mills) and of various murderees and suspected murderers is almost completely lost. It's quite a fair, competent whodunnit; but who is going to be taken in by its society revolving round a sports club and its provincial town? They don't exist. The scaring documentary thriller has been copied, and the document thrown away.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A HISTORY OF THE
Council of Trent
Volume One
by **HUBERT JEDIN** *translated by*
DOM ERNEST GRAF OSB

THE first volume of the translation into English of *Geschichte des Konzils von Trient* by Hubert Jedin, Professor of Medieval and Modern Church History at the University of Bonn—the first comprehensive work on this subject for some 300 years. The *History* will be completed in 8 Books — Books 1 and 2 of which are contained in the present volume. With 8 halftone plates of contemporary portraits.

xii + 620 pp 70s

'The best work of its kind, absolutely indispensable to any intelligent study of the Bible,' says The Times Literary Supplement of **Nelson's**

ATLAS OF THE BIBLE 35 maps in 8 colours, two endpaper maps, 408 photographs in gravure, 60,000-word text
196 pp 70s

NELSON

Correspondence

PRISONS AND PRISONERS

SIR,—Since much of what C. H. Rolph has described in your supplement on "Prisons and Prisoners" coincides with Howard League views, it behoves me not to say how good it was. I content myself by hoping that those who somehow missed last week's NEW STATESMAN will get it and read it. However, perhaps you will allow me to comment on just one of the many important issues which were raised, and as a point of departure I want to analyse the use of one short word.

That word is "Sir." Those who know prisoners know how constantly it is on their lips. Many prison officers (but not all) demand to be called "Sir," and though that is not always what they are called, a surprising number succeed. By and large, prisoners and prison officers both come from working-class backgrounds, and the thought of calling each other "Sir" would normally never enter their heads. But the fact of conviction, of being sent to a prison, upsets the social balance. A prisoner is a man abruptly stripped naked, at once more vulnerable and more sensitive, more liable to be shouted at and yet resenting the shouting more bitterly. The "Sir," insisted on, grudgingly given, is a symbol of a new relationship which lies at the heart of prison itself. It underlines the superiority and power of the officer, it stresses the difference between him and the offender, as opposed to the approach of the case-worker who would stress their common humanity. The more that difference is emphasised, the more is the offender pushed into opposition, into a frame of mind where society is rejected.

The officers who need to assert themselves in this way are often those who lack confidence, and the warder who is sure of himself and his place in the scheme of things can be surprisingly tolerant. His relationship to the prisoners will be far less tense, his influence much more positive, than those who have to rely on artificial aids to personality.

Two things are needed: we must be able to attract the right kind of officer into the prison service, and we must be able to keep him there by giving him a job in which the custodial element is overshadowed by an active concern for the individual offender, his problems and his rehabilitation. The departmental committee on pay and conditions in the prison service which is now being set up has a great opportunity before it to bring about changes in this direction.

The one way in which nothing can be changed is to issue an instruction that no officer is to have himself called "Sir." It is not the word that matters but the relationship of which it is an expression. In its proper place, used voluntarily, the word itself can merely indicate the sort of courteous goodwill with which, Sir, I close this letter.

Howard League, S.W.1. HUGH J. KLARE *Secretary.*

SIR,—As one who has served a prison sentence in Holloway, and also been a member of the executive of the Howard League for Penal Reform, I have, naturally, read Mr. Rolph's open letter to the Home Secretary, with keen interest and great appreciation.

Nevertheless, I am dismayed to find no mention, specifically, of women's prisons, nor of women's work in prisons.

At first I took it that the use of the male gender was the normal one for "mankind," but I soon discovered that this was not the case; that there was, in fact, no examination of the position in regard to work, and other reforms, in particular reference to women.

I am aware that there have been many alterations and improvements since I was in Holloway in 1940, but the question of training women for some kind of work when they are released has still to be answered.

Housework (though some men still like to think so) is not the be-all and end-all of every woman's life. I did housework in the officers' quarters in Holloway, and the officer in charge of my working party was aghast when, in reply to her question, "Do you know how to do housework?", I replied "No."

I assumed that she did not know either, since she told me nothing! My own common sense, and some very good "tips" from good-natured fellow-prisoners, taught me quite a lot. Had I desired to take a position as a domestic help I would, no doubt, have found this experience valuable, but it was not part of the prison plan to teach me domestic work.

It was the same in the sewing-room; women were expected to know how to sew. (This, I should say in passing, is quite a fallacy!) As it happens I am good with a needle, but I was told there was no need to be so meticulous over button-holes, as "much rougher" would do.

There are many women in prison who need something other than the infinitely boring job of housework to give them some incentive for the future. There was a young woman with me in Holloway who had been in and out of remand homes, approved schools and prisons since the age of fourteen. She was kind and good-hearted, and completely amoral. Nothing whatever was done to teach her a trade, nor, for that matter, to help her in any way.

I hope that Mr. Butler reads this admirable document with as much care and interest as I have, but I am sorry that he should not have been told something of the special problems which confront those responsible for women in prison.

SYBIL MORRISON

6 Apollo Place, S.W.10.

GEORGE LUKACS

SIR,—Civilised men and women will thank you for your efforts to save George Lukács—if he is still alive. I should like to confirm Sir Herbert Read's estimate of his importance. I got to know him in Budapest during the brief Communist revolution of 1919. He was in charge of education and his sphere of action ranged from the elementary schools to the picture galleries. His passionate concern was to help the workers' children to enjoy the entire cultural heritage that was theirs by right of conquest—the arts and the graces as well as the science and the history. He spent his days and nights in devising and testing new ways of widening the children's horizon and exercising their latent powers. I was impressed by his gift for leadership, for he inspired the younger Hungarian intellectuals with his own creative passion for equality. I shall never forget the enthusiasm of two young women—aristocrats whose family estates had been confiscated—for whom his ministry found work. One of them, who was a good pianist, told me that life first acquired a purpose for her when he set her to tour the elementary schools of the capital, playing Beethoven's sonatas to the elder children.

After hunger had defeated the revolution, I met Lukács again, a penniless refugee in starving Vienna. The last things that interested him were his material wants. He would talk halfway through the night over subjects that ranged from *Tristram Shandy* to Hegel's *Logic*. Long ago, when he was a lecturer at Heidelberg, he published a book on English *belles lettres* in the 18th century that is one of the most illuminating and also one of the wittiest essays in criticism I have ever read. There is no need to repeat what Sir Herbert Read has said so well about his maturer books, especially his masterly *Geschichte und Klassenbewusstsein*, the only one of them I have read. When I recall his influence in 1919, I can readily believe that his humanity was the spark that kindled the revolt of last October. All who honour creative thinking and moral courage will join you in calling for his release from his silent captivity.

London Road, Amersham. H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

SIR,—My reasons for calling Radio Free Europe an *odious* organisation were based on four beliefs arising from experience while in Budapest:

(1) that it belonged to the category of cold-war weapons (such as the dollars for subversion) whose existence and use played right into the hands of the Stalinists in Hungary and elsewhere. I do not, myself, believe that RFE, for all its wild lunges, had anything to do with promoting or aiding the Hungarian revolt; but of course the Stalinists now say it did. RFE provided them with one of their best alibis;

(2) that RFE (even if one supposed that it really wanted the good of the majority of Hungarians) failed in its supreme test: it failed to support the Nagy government right up until Thursday, November 1.

I recall a dramatic conversation that I had with Pál Maléter that same morning. With an American colleague I was waiting in Cardinal Mindszenty's antechamber for an interview. Maléter came with Tildy to argue for the Cardinal's support (which they got, substantially, the following Saturday), and while Tildy was with the Cardinal, Maléter, learning that we were western newspapermen, rounded on us in a fury:

"Do you want chaos in the country? Do you want us to fail? Do you want to give the Russians an excuse for coming back? Now we have coal only for

"THE FATE OF A MAN"

New story by

Mikhail Sholokhov

new serial begins in this week's

SOVIET WEEKLY

Illustrated *3d.*

IF YOU ARE UNDER THIRTY

you could obtain a grant from the Rationalist Press Association enabling you to attend, free of cost, the 6-day Congress of the International Humanist and Ethical Union, to be held this year at Conway Hall, London, W.C.1, from Friday, July 26, to Wednesday, July 31. The subjects for discussion are Philosophy, Personal Life, Social Life, and Organisation. Lord Boyd Orr, D.S.O., F.R.S., will preside at the Congress. The grant would cover board, residence, admission to meetings and any necessary travelling expenses up to £5. **All you have to do** is to write an essay of 1,500 to 2,000 words on

THE CASE FOR OR AGAINST ATOMIC WARFARE

and submit it for approval by May 31. Full particulars from Essays Officer, R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

AUSTRIA BY AIR **15 days**

Holiday in Igls, near Innsbruck. **£34.10.0**

Inclusive price, hotel with full board, air travel London to Basle, by coach, via Zurich to Igls.

SPAIN BY AIR **15 days**

Costa Brava holiday at Lloret de Mar. **£42.0.0**

Inclusive Price, hotel with full board, air travel London to Perpignan, by coach to Lloret.

AIR COACH TOURS 15 days

Yugoslavia and Adriatic Coast £49

Switzerland and Italy, visiting Venice, Rome, Sorrento, etc. £65

TRANSGLOBE TOURS

Dept. N.S.I., 60 FLEET ST., E.C.4. Phone CITy 5541

THE *Organ of the Indian Institute of Culture, Bangalore*

ARYAN PATH

Annual Subscription 12 - : $3.00
Not less than 12 months
Monthly post paid 1/6 : 35c

JANUARY issue includes articles on Trusteeship of Possessions, Indian Culture in Indonesia, Humanity and the Criminal, Pacifist Pioneering in America, Interpretation of Economic Forces, Book Reviews.

London Office: 62 QUEEN'S GARDENS, W.2 (PAD 0688)

two days, the railways are not running, the factories are not working: we *must* persuade our people back to work. And yet your Radio Free Europe continues and continues to attack our government, to appeal to Hungarians to go on striking. . . ."

My American colleague took that complaint straight to the American Legation, and was told that cables of protest would be sent. Apparently they were, for that night the attitude of RFE changed to support of the Nagy government—*nine days* after the rising had begun!

Later, a distinguished member of the American Legation staff said to me: "Radio Free Europe—they're always off the beam." Is the reason difficult to trace? Wasn't RFE's attitude always that of reactionary emigrés who thought they should pull the Nagy government down as well? Better that than anything remotely left, and Nagy, of course, was genuinely left. . . .

(3) that the RFE broadcasts, whether the sponsors of RFE like it or not, through their general tone and texture undoubtedly *did* lead many simple people into believing, once the rising had got into its stride, that western intervention was possible. On November 9 a shopkeeper of Szob said to me: "Radio Free Europe! I'd like to smash their ugly mugs. They lied to us as the Russians lied."

(4) that the RFE broadcasts were wildly irresponsible in their reports of the fighting in Budapest and elsewhere. They released a deluge of imaginary disasters: at one point, I believe, they even had the Russians bombing the American Legation in Budapest. And these exaggerations showed better than anything else, I believe, the real inspiration which seems to have lain behind RFE: a delirious and wholesale anti-Communism, anti-leftism, no matter what the circumstances, no matter what the cost. It is, in the strict and proper sense of the word, a *reactionary* organisation. Its relevance to the upheavals in eastern Europe is about the same as that of the Coblence party to the French Revolution. We shall all, I believe, do better without it.

Nothing in its press representative's letter causes me to modify these beliefs that are the fruit of experience.

7 Woodlands Road, S.W.13. BASIL DAVIDSON

OLD WHIPS' NETWORK

SIR,—In your issue of February 2 Mr. Driberg, in an interesting article entitled "The Old Whips' Network," makes two statements which are incorrect.

He writes: "Mr. Churchill seems to have been selected before Mr. Macmillan's accession to the premiership because it was expected that Mr. Butler would succeed Sir Anthony Eden and it was thought that Mr. Churchill, as an anti-Butler man, would 'balance' Mr. Connell and Mr. Williams." In fact, at the time when I was invited to appear in this programme, it was supposed by Granada and myself that Sir Anthony Eden would still be Prime Minister and that it would be his party political broadcast that we would have to discuss.

Mr. Driberg also writes: "On this occasion the discussion was networked. Tonight (Friday) it is probable that only north-country viewers who can get the commercial channel will be able to see and hear the discussion that is to follow the Liberal Party broadcast. . . ." Actually it was just the other way round. The first broadcast was not "networked" while the second was.

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL

BUREAUCRATS OF KING STREET

SIR,—Those whom your special correspondent calls "the bureaucrats of King Street" have recently published in pamphlet form an interesting and important article from a Chinese newspaper, entitled *More on the Historical Experience of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat*. This article subjects to reasoned criticism the speeches made by Tito and Kardelj wherein these Yugoslav Communist leaders discussed the Soviet action in Hungary and went on to raise certain fundamental questions regarding the social and political system of the U.S.S.R.—to seek, in fact, the "roots" of Stalinism.

The article was published in China only after readers had been given a chance to study the speeches that were being criticised. When, however, I ventured to suggest to J. R. Campbell, editor of the *Daily Worker*, that a similar procedure should have been followed here—or, at least, that the Yugoslav speeches ought to be published now—I was told that the Communist Party "is not to be transformed into a Communist university," and that "the time has come to turn to home affairs."

Two comments on this reply suggest themselves. First, it is not apparent by what principle publishing the Chinese critique of Tito and Kardelj is not "transforming the party into a university," whereas publication of Tito and Kardelj would amount to doing this. Second, no account is taken of the contribution which some of the points made by the Yugoslav leaders can make to current discussion on improving the British Communist Party's programme, *The British Road To Socialism*.

In general, the notion that study of the lessons of eastern Europe is in some way a diversion from the task of "getting Socialism here" is a strangely unreal one. On present showing, for example, a worker (let alone one of those revolting intellectuals) may well remark when offered *The British Road To Socialism*: "Where does it say about the tanks—the Russian ones that are to put you back in power if we should ever want to get rid of you?"

Torrington Grove, BRIAN PEARCE
N.12.

LUCKY JIM'S POLITICS

SIR,—Mr. Barfoot's letter contains some irrelevant personal abuse, and a number of minor debating-points. He says nothing to refute my central theses, namely, that it is in no way axiomatic or necessary that an intellectual today, especially one with a working-class background, should be or is a Socialist, and that less working-class people than ever are sufficiently Socialist to vote Labour.

I offer the following answers to Mr. Barfoot's other points:

(1) There are enough people here who think as he does to reassure him that Oxford in itself is not responsible for the way I feel.

(2) "Labour" and "Conservative" are names of parties, "Socialism" and "welfare state" are names of beliefs and things: how could anyone believe that the former could be "synonymous" with the latter?

(3) Apart from any criticisms about "private languages" to which Mr. Barfoot may be exposed, the points of Labour policy I mentioned last week as having a "deterrent" effect on some people are the very proposals which are praised by people like him as "more Socialist."

(4) As regards education, there is nothing peculiarly Socialist about the 1944 Act, which was produced by a Tory-dominated coalition on the advice of a Liberal peer. As Earl Attlee said, "all parties have played their part in creating the welfare state." If increasing pensions and social service allowances, and reducing waste, constitutes "reducing the welfare state's effectiveness," I am all for "reduced effectiveness."

(5) This is not the time to rehash Suez, but I could show Mr. Barfoot that there are times when the ability to spread welfare might depend on the ability to drop bombs.

Corpus Christi College, PETER WHITBY
Oxford.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S GHOST

SIR,—Being, as in everything to do with *An Adventure*, entirely impartial and desirous only of putting forward the evidence on which a judgment might be formed, I was delighted to read Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor's discursus on the "ghostly music."

I lament again my inability to publish a facsimile reproduction of the bars noted down by Miss Jourdain, the copyright owner having refused any help whatsoever. However, it may be of interest to those better qualified than I to do battle on the musical front to know that the "musical expert" who saw the ghostly bars was Professor Hadow of Worcester College, and to hear his comments.

His sister evidently submitted the music to him without disclosing its source and, to her, as we may see among the Bodleian manuscripts, he replied to the effect that there was very little to go by, and that it was more like music heard in a dream than music heard normally with waking ears. "There is something a little freakish and uncanny about it," he wrote, "e.g., at bars 7, 8 the bars suddenly stop (for no reason) and the melodic phrase suddenly falls down an octave," and demonstrated how "a real 'waking' line" would have ended the phrase.

"Again," he continues, "the part written in pencil can't be exactly right (for it isn't quite grammatical) though I should expect an ascending phrase there. It is just like a dream-sentence which begins quite clearly and coherently and then falls away. . . . But it is all queer. Where did you get it?"

I must not encroach further on your space to pillory Mrs. Greer, who, in her delicious letter (among other inaccuracies) mis-states my motives in writing *The Ghosts of Versailles*, while in the same breath she disarmingly confesses that she has not read the book—in which, of course, they are explained.

LUCILLE IREMONGER

FOREVER EALING

SIR,—New legislation is pending in regard to the British film industry and as a consequence a great deal of misleading information is being circulated by interested parties.

William Whitebait does not help matters in the opening paragraph of his article "Test Pilot: Ealing is Now in U.S.A. . . ." This statement is not true and never has been true. Ealing is no nearer to the U.S.A. than the distance between Ealing and Boreham Wood. Ealing's British films are being distributed by an American company with facilities throughout the world; there being only one British distributing company with similar facilities.

MICHAEL BALCON
Ealing Films, Ltd.,
Boreham Wood, Herts.

Facts are sacred to us in recording current developments in Politics, Economics, Social Questions and no trouble is too much for us to discover and honour every essential detail. From Press and Information Sources on a truly global scale we condense the news to their salient points by scientific processes based on 25 years' specialist experience, to furnish subscribers every week with a concise and comprehensive bulletin covered by a unique 'living' Index for permanent reference.

Thus students of Current Affairs (national and international) in every 'camp' throughout the World, no matter how great their disagreements on the controversial issues of our time, have in unison come to respect the scholarly authenticity and objectiveness of our documentation, knowing instinctively—

It all boils down to KEESING'S

Post this coupon NOW

Keesing's Publ. Ltd. · Keynsham · Bristol

Please supply free details of your News-plus-Reference Service

Name.....

Address..... N. 9. 57

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Ballads

CHILD'S *Ballads* was first published between 1882 and 1896 in an edition limited to a printing of 1,000 sets, and has never been printed again until now. Perhaps out of piety to the author the reprint* is a replica of the original; it has the drawback that the print is rather small for the overworked modern eye. But here is the work just as it first appeared, and it is still indispensable and still endlessly fascinating. Child's method is our guide to this day in dealing with the ballads. Further discoveries have been made since his great work appeared, new ballads and new versions of the known ones have come to light, but the excitement of discovery still breathes from his pages, and the sense of being the first in the field.

The majority of these ballads and most of the best are Scottish, and this may be due to the fact that the tradition of folk song lingered longer among the Scottish peasantry than the English, so that, half a century after Percy, Scott could still gather a new harvest of ballads for his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Also, a great deal of Scottish poetry comes from the peasantry—one thinks of Burns and Hogg. So that while the ballads are almost lost in the rich variety of English poetry, in Scotland they are, perhaps, the main body of great verse, apart from the work of the Makars.

The world of the ballads is a world of pure passion and absolute will and action, where love survives death and the lover cannot rest in the grave. It recognises three principalities which have power on the earth: Heaven, Hell, and Elfland. In the ballad of *Thomas the Rhymer* there is a geographical chart of the ballad landscape, showing "the path of righteousness," "the braid, braid road," and "the bonnie road that winds about the fernie brae." Elfland is a place of delight, but on a certain day one may be snatched from it to Hell. These beliefs were accepted for hundreds of years by the country people. They fell into occasional blunders: the widow's three dead sons come home, but though they come from Purgatory the sprays of birch on their hats grew on the banks of Paradise. Heaven and Purgatory and Hell the peasants accepted, as children of the Church; Elfland they must have kept as a secret world, until at last it dissolved into a fancy. Yet the persistence of Elfland is curious. Fairies were believed in by pious Christians less than a hundred years ago in the north of Scotland, and in some places are believed in still: in current Greek ballads lovers when they die still go where Eurydice went long before them.

The variety of ballad themes in every country is very striking. There is the riddling ballad where good luck or disaster, life or death, may depend on giving the right answer to an ambiguous question. It is found in many languages, and as Child points out, it goes back to Oedipus. There is again the ballad of the impossible demand:

> "Ye maun make me a Holland sark,
> Without ony stitching or needle wark.
> And ye maun wash it in yonder well,
> Where the dew never wat, nor the rain ever fell.
> And ye maun dry it upon a thorn
> That never budded sin Adam was born."

The strangeness of the questions transports us into a remote world; the answers can be found only by the Clever Lass. In India, Tibet, Persia, Turkey, old Russia and most of Europe, the Clever Lass seems to have been regarded as more quick-witted than the men, and the belief can still be found in some country places.

Harder to account for are the numerous ballads about the Elphin Knight who charms kings' daughters by the beauty of his singing, rides off with them, and then murders them. These ballads are mainly European and more widely diffused in the north than in the south. Sometimes the princess escapes by snatching the knight's sword and cutting off his head, or by pushing him into the sea when his back is turned; sometimes she is rescued by her brother; sometimes her brother arrives to avenge her after she is dead. This strange nightmare of the imagination must have been familiar for long to the peasantry of Europe. Yet the horror is relieved in some of the ballads by a wonderful touch of comedy. May Colven returns to her father's bower early in the morning after drowning her Elphin Knight, and is accosted by the parrot:

> Up then and spoke the pretty parrot:
> "May Colven, where have you been?
> What has become of the false Sir John,
> That woo'd you so late yestreen?"
>
> "O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
> Lay not the blame upon me;
> Your cup shall be of the flowered gold,
> Your cage of the root of the tree."

From his bed-chamber the king asks

> "What ails the pretty parrot,
> That prattles so long ere day?"

And the parrot answers

> "There came a cat to my cage door,
> It almost a worried me,
> And I was calling on May Colven
> To take the cat from me."

The parrot leads us back from the nightmare to the ordinary world; in the purely tragical ballads there is no place for these fancies.

The mark of the great ballads is their immediate grasp of passion and tragedy without reflection or moral comment. All is action and its tragic outcome, set down directly. The style of this poetry is as immediately recognisable as that of a great poet. It is not a popular style, but the style of a class, developed and perfected within ancient and strict boundaries: it is traditional. In the Scottish ballads, the style is very different from that of Burns: it came from a folk imagination which had found an almost archetypal pattern where everything stood in its place as if it must remain there for ever. The pattern was so complete and so long established that it had no need to explain itself; it had passed beyond opinion. The imaginative pattern in turn dictated the patterned style, whose marks are brevity and direct statement:

> I wish that horn were in my kist,
> Yea, and the knight in my arms neist . . .
>
> But had I wist before I kissed
> That love had been sae ill to win,
> I had locked my heart in a case o' gowd
> And pinned it wi' a siller pin . . .
>
> "Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,
> For they hae bred our sorrow;
> I wiss that they had a' gane mad
> Whan they came first to Yarrow . . ."

The pattern of these poems is dialectical, and question and answer, even when they are equivocal, are accepted as soon as they are spoken. This is another way of saying that they are inevitable. Yet inevitability needs occasional relief, and the ballads find it now and then in one of those sudden inspired expansions of the theme which deliver us from the action. In *Sir Patrick Spens* we see nothing but the wintry setting out, "the auld moon wi' the new moon in her arm," the storm gathering, the ship sinking; and then—

> O lang, lang may the ladyes sit
> Wi' their fans into their hand,
> Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
> Come sailing to the strand.
>
> And lang, lang may the maidens sit
> Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
> A'waiting for their ain dear loves,
> For them they'll see nae mair.

We are back in the greater world again, as we are when the parrot speaks. The art which could do such things was untutored, but never without pattern and style. Many of the lines are clumsy, almost ludicrous; it is always surprising to find what fine lines there are in the poor ballads and what poor lines in the good.

We can trace the figures and stories used by poets in the ages of written work. We do not know, except conjecturally in a few cases, where the ballad themes came from. Who were the originals of the Clever Lass, the Elphin Knight, the Demon Lover, the Cruel Brother, the Cruel Mother, the Jealous Sister? Were there any originals for these figures, or are they to be taken as types that recur always in human life, living allegories? There are a few historical figures, such as Jamie Douglas and the Earl of Moray. The ballad of *Sir Patrick Spens* is considered by some to commemorate a historical disaster, though Child doubts it. Yet even if in 1281 or 1290—the alternative dates—a ship was wrecked between Norway and Scotland, drowning the Scots lords, the ballad soon forgot it. The old women who still sang it a hundred years ago did not know anything about Alexander III of Scotland or the Maid of Norway. History, if it was really history, had receded to such a distance that nothing was left but the poetry. The transit of the ballad through so many generations gave it the distance which a conscious poet must achieve for himself. One can discern now and then in the transmission the voice of some obscure individual genius speaking, but even that may be an illusion. There are versions of *May Colven* in which the parrot, which strikes one as an original invention, does not appear. But it seems pretty certain that the pattern—and the pattern is the main thing—was preserved by the peasant community itself.

* *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. Edited by FRANCIS JAMES CHILD. 5 vols. *Oxford: Folklore Press, New York*. 12 guineas.

The ballads—and the folk-songs—are distinguished from the rest of poetry in that the poet cannot be distinguished from the audience. The succeeding generations who preserved them knew nothing about poetry except that it came into their lives from the past as an inheritance. They received it and handed it on. In the transmission it changed, through carelessness or innovation. Child gives ten versions of *Sir Patrick Spens* and eight fragments from other versions. They are very unequal in quality. Poetry must have seemed to these peasants an integral part of their life, a thing without which life could not be natural and whole—not a rare and special delight which could be enjoyed only by a few. It embodied a tragic vision of life, and the figures in the tragedy were not peasants, but great representative figures, kings and knights and ladies, as they are in Shakespeare. The folk-songs provided the comedy and pathos, and were about the singers themselves. Universal education and the Open Society have driven this poetry away so far that it is almost impossible now to conceive of poetry as a natural activity; and it has become to us a miracle that poetry like the ballads should ever have existed.

EDWIN MUIR

The Dandy

The elegance you wore was more than grace.
I watched the way you lifted up your hand,
No casual gesture, each limb knew its place,
And every pause in speech was carefully planned.
Also the shifting surface of your face

Changed with no diffidence. And where you stepped
On path or ballroom, there your shadow ran
Suave without vagueness, much as if you clipped
The darkness like a solid thing and then
Carved through the chaos where your life began.

A surface thing, some say, for underneath
Your brilliant colours and your flaunting air
They sense the human and immoderate breath;
Yet what bright bird puts off its plumage where
Colour may flash upon the dark of death?

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

The Trusted Rebel

Sir Richard Gregory. By W. H. G. ARMYTAGE. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Richard Gregory was not only H. G. Wells's most intimate friend for a lifetime: he was the one friend with whom Wells never quarrelled. I spent an evening with the two of them together, when they were old men. It was during the British Association meeting at Cambridge in 1938; Gregory was seventy-four, Wells seventy-two, but they were still vigorous men, square and short-legged, Gregory the more muscular and the tougher physically. Gregory's colour was very high, Wells's just ruddy: Gregory's Bristol accent still burred out, Wells's suburban cockney was only vestigial at the edge of his hoarse squeak. They had come a long way together, since they were students at the Normal College of Science on scholarships of a guinea a week, with Gregory's father earning a few shilling as a shoe-mender and Wells's mother in domestic service. Since then Wells had become a world figure—and Gregory, editor of *Nature*, baronet, scientific editor of Macmillans, had been for a generation the trusted spokesman of official science.

There they sat, friends and allies for fifty years. Truth compels me to add that it was, quite untypically, a most lugubrious evening. Wells was

Third Impression

REBECCA WEST'S
The Fountain Overflows
'A masterpiece'
DAVID HOLLOWAY (*News Chronicle*)
BOOK SOCIETY CHOICE 16*s.*

THE SECOND LESSON
Seven Years at The United Nations
Bernard Moore
The author was seven years with the U.N. and as long with the League of Nations. In this book he tells in a good-humoured way of the people who work in and around U.N.O. and also has some pertinent things to say about this second lesson in international co-operation. *Illustrated* 21*s.*

THE CENTURIES OF SANTA FE
Paul Horgan
"Mr. Horgan has very pleasantly illuminated a fascinating corner of history." *The Times.*
"In this great sweeping story, he takes us from the days of the city's foundation up to 1848." *The Sphere.*
Illustrated 21*s.*

THE CASE FOR MODERN MAN
Charles Frankel
The Chairman of the Department of Philosophy, Columbia University, looks at man today in the light of his history and provides a hopeful and clearly reasoned answer to the pessimists who hold the view that man is a victim of circumstances. 18*s.*

New Novels

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD
George Woodman
Based on the East Coast Floods of January, 1953. 15*s.*

OUT OF THE STRONG
R. E. Lighton
A novel of the Bushveld by a South African writer. 15*s.*

MACMILLAN

14 February

D. C. Somervell's ABRIDGEMENT of Volumes VII-X

A STUDY OF HISTORY by Arnold J. Toynbee

This second volume completes the abridgement of Dr Toynbee's great work.' The two books now form an invaluable conspectus of the whole of the vast field covered by the original, presenting the main substance of his argument in a readily assimilable form. 25*s. net*
ABRIDGEMENT OF VOLUMES I-VI, 30*s. net*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Challenge of Change
LAURENCE THOMPSON
Foreword by
H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh
'. . . Mr Thompson's brilliant and racy description of what the Duke of Edinburgh's Conference was all about.' ENGINEERING
'. . . an exciting book, full of common sense.' OXFORD MAIL
Paper covers, 5s. net

The War & the Neutrals
(Survey of International Affairs 1939-46)
EDITED BY ARNOLD AND VERONICA M. TOYNBEE
This volume of the war-time *Survey* relates the chief events in neutral states during the war, and attempts to make clear their concept of neutrality, to take account of the difficulties experienced by them, and to assess the significance to the belligerents of their neutral status. 50*s. net*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Uncertainties and other Poems
JOHN PRESS
'One of the most remarkable first books of verse for many years.... The "uncertainties" are those of a large part of contemporary humanity; the assured, powerful, if as yet insufficiently varied, verse is that of an embryo young master.' KENNETH YOUNG in the DAILY TELEGRAPH 10*s.* 6*d. net*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

being capricious, Gregory was trying to restrain him, both old men were grumpy. There were long, ill-tempered silences, and my sole part in the conversation was to be appealed to as a kind of referee. (Incidentally, the evening finished even more lugubriously. Somehow Gregory got lost or went to bed, and at two o'clock in the morning I was sitting with Wells in the lounge of the University Arms. Talk had flagged. After a long pause, minutes rather than seconds, Wells asked out of the blue: "Ever thought of suicide, Snow?" Another pause: "Yes, H. G., I have." An even longer pause: "So have I. But not till I was past seventy.")

As is evident from Mr. W. H. G. Armytage's modest and intelligent biography, the friendship of Gregory and Wells showed them both at their best. Gregory, who was in many ways a humble man, admired his friend's wonderful gifts; whenever he wanted a new idea or insight, he turned to Wells, and Wells did not often fail him; Gregory also admired, I think, his friend's rapacity for life. Himself an ardent man, he had been hagridden for nearly forty years by his wretched first marriage; by contrast to that desert of invalidism, disapproval and complaint, Wells's company and example were like a blood transfusion. On Wells's side, the gain was even greater. Friendship did not come easy to him: in Gregory he had found someone who encouraged his writing in their student days, who supported and understood him, who was as radical as himself but nevertheless had a singular gift for being taken seriously by solid respectable men. In times of trouble, and Wells had many, Gregory was there to stand by him, absolutely stable, not giving an inch. Also they had, important to them both all their lives, a common cause; they were as self-centred as the next man, Wells perhaps more so, but with a perfectly genuine idealism they believed, as passionately as contemporary young Russians can believe it, in science as the regenerator of the human race.

All that is explicable enough. There remains a slight mystery. How did it happen that Gregory, who had nothing like Wells's battery of talents, could carve out a unique position for himself? Scientists trusted him, governments trusted him: for years he was treated as the official conscience of science. For any committee on science applied to public affairs, his was the first name men wrote down. Yet, though he had great love for and understanding of science, he was not really a scientist at all. His academic career had been cut short, he did not even possess a degree. He rightly regarded creative science as quite beyond him. He wrote competent textbooks, but he was not a specially exciting journalist. His tongue was coarse, and he took on much less than Wells the tone and manner of the Establishment. He was fiercely radical, with a steady depth of feeling that makes, say, Mr. John Osborne sound like Jane Austen: he had seen society from underneath, and did not like it, not any of it, neither courts, nor aristocracies, nor public schools, nor churches, nor rich men. More remarkably, he moved farther to the left the older he grew. Yet he was trusted everywhere. He received more honours than any creative scientist of the time, except Rutherford—honorary degrees, knighthood, baronetcy, Fellow of the Royal Society (the honour which Wells longed for and which he never got).

How did it happen? There seem to be two explanations. In part, it was a triumph of character. Gregory had one of those natures, settled, masculine, four-square, not stretching outside its own limits, which men are comfortable with; he had the luck, and it is great luck in any such career, not to inspire envy. For those reasons, he would have gone a considerable distance on character alone in most kinds of administrative life. But there was something more to him. As with the best politicians, he seemed to speak not only with a personal force, but with a social one. With simple and absolute devotion, he believed it when he said: "Mankind is at the dawn of a great change-over from life regarded as a system of consequence to life regarded as a system of constructive effort. . . We should be less and less bound by the engagements of the past and more and more ruled by a realisation of the creative effects of our actions." It could be better said: but it is the voice of social hope. Gregory was the personification of the scientific culture; and by respecting him, people were paying tribute to a future they neither liked nor understood, but which they somehow dimly felt was on its way.

C. P. SNOW

The colophon of the House of HUTCHINSON

✻ This colophon has been designed by Charles Mozley. The bull, from time immemorial, has been an inspiration to man, and a model of courage and strength. He formed the watermark of the earliest printing papers used by Caxton and in the printing of Coverdale's Bible.

"Mary Must Die"

Elizabeth I and her Parliaments 1584-1601. By J. E. NEALE. *Cape.* 30*s.*

Sir John Neale's great work on the Elizabethan House of Commons is now complete. The first volume was analytical: it revealed the organisation of Parliament, the mechanics of patronage, elections, business. The second was a narrative, learned, detailed, but fascinating, of the Parliaments from 1559 to 1581. The third continues and completes that narrative. Sir John has discovered new diaries which illuminate the daily working of the House; he has revealed new personalities—in particular a brilliant Puritan orator, Job Throckmorton, who, he suggests, may have been the writer of the Marprelate Tracts; and he has shed new light on old personalities—in particular on Sir Christopher Hatton, who can no longer now be written off (on the strength of a phrase and an anecdote) as one of Elizabeth's few ill-chosen ministers. The result is a volume just as important, just as dramatic as its predecessor. The importance lies in the constitutional developments of the reign; the drama in those tense debates on Mary Queen of Scots and on religion—and in the extraordinary, exotic character of the Queen.

We begin straight away with the drama. In 1584 the safety, the religion, the independence of England hung by a thread, and that thread, the life of the Queen, was continually threatened. If she should perish, what would be the consequence? All knew that there was no real alternative to Mary Queen of Scots. Acts of Exclusion would be of no avail—what had they availed against Mary Tudor? And if the Queen of Scots became Queen of England, all would be over. No wonder the enemies of England sought, again and again, to hasten that event, to destroy "that Jezebel of England," "that monster of the world," Queen Elizabeth. "There is no doubt," Rome assured its faithful servants, "that whosoever sends her out of the world, with the pious intention of doing God service, not only does not sin but gains merit." In 1584 such merit was gained by the murder of the other Protestant champion, William of Orange. How long, asked Elizabeth's subjects, could she lead a charmed life for their preservation? There was no end to the plots of assassination. "As the waves of the sea, without stay, do one rise and overtake another, so the Pope and his lewd ministers be never at rest, but as fast as one enterprise faileth they take another in hand, without let of time, hoping at the last to prevail." There was only one answer: the answer which for twelve years, the Parliament of England had been pressing on their reluctant Queen. Again and again, as Sir John Neale traces the arguments of his speakers, his paragraphs end with that phrase which tolls like a minute-bell through the chapters, "Mary must die."

The pressure, the urgent, unanimous, fanatical pressure of the Commons; the refusal, the obstinate, irresponsible, desperate, magnanimous "answer-answerless" of the Queen; the background of plots and invasions; the final surrender of the Queen, her thoughts of secret murder as a way out, the haste of her ministers to carry out the execution, her rage afterwards—all this gives to the narrative of the Parliaments of 1584-5 and 1586-7 a breathless tension. When all is over, and the Armada too, there is an inevitable anti-climax. But, if the intensity is less, the interest remains just as great: the solution of the immediate problem, the end of the great drama, reveal the underlying structural battle which these heroic gestures had obscured.

The first battle was for religion. The great affair of Mary Queen of Scots had proved to the convinced Protestants that their Church could not safely depend merely on royal supremacy: it must stand on its own basis, independent of the vagaries of Kings and Queens. So, in the 1580s, while the great tragedy was being played on the public stage, a formidable struggle for power was going on behind it. The genius of the movement, its Secretary-General, was the puritan minister John Field; it had its patrons on high—who little knew its revolutionary purpose; and it had its parliamentary machine: "I hope," Field wrote to his followers in 1586, "you have not let slip this notable opportunity of furthering the cause of religion by noting out all the places of government in the land for which burgesses for the Parliament are to be chosen and using all the best means you can possibly for procuring the best gentlemen of those places." By pressure within Parliament, by lobbying without, by intensive propaganda, by a fixed and total programme, the Puritans sought to set up a strong presbyterian system behind the front of episcopacy, which thereafter was to "wither away." It was, says Sir John, "*tabula rasa:* stark revolution"; but when the Queen's government and her grim new archbishop, "the repellent Whitgift" (who also knew the arts of parliamentary management), fought and crushed it, there were many unpolitical men who felt that the Protestant front, never so needful, was being betrayed.

Nevertheless, it was crushed. 1593, says Sir John, was the climacteric. After that, the high dramas had been played out and it was more banal grievances—wardship, purveyance, mono-

polies—which filled the last Parliaments of the reign. But one dramatic feature always remained. How could it be otherwise when these assemblies were always presided over by that incomparable actress, the Queen? "Princes, I tell you," she once said, "are set on stages, in the sight and view of all the world duly observed." Certainly Queen Elizabeth never forgot she was on the stage. Sir John, as before, gives all her speeches in full; and rightly, for they are not only a dramatic but also an essential part of his story. How they elevate the record of those debates, with their euphuistic language, their serpentine structure, their wonderful warmth and variety! In the speeches of the members there is often a fire, a passion, a fanaticism; in hers there is a majestic elevation, which embraces even her enemies: Queen Mary, who is never to her "this most wicked and filthy woman," "that wretched Athaliah," but always commiserated as an unfortunate Queen; King Philip, "that potent prince, whose soul I trust"—she said in 1601—"be now in heaven." In her last years, as the quality of her reign declined, her own personality rose to make up the difference. In her "Golden Speech" of 1601, and her farewell speech three weeks later, "she was consciously rendering a solemn, final account of her stewardship." How essential that personal magic was, soon became clear. Under her successors, who lacked it, puritanism, added to those banal grievances of wardship, purveyance, monopolies, was to fire a real revolution.

We cannot take leave of Elizabeth without a word of thanks to Sir John Neale. No man has done more for her, in our day, than he. He has performed the historian's most difficult feat: he has made knowledge readable even while advancing it. From now on, our understanding of the reign of Elizabeth has new frontiers, which he has conquered, traced and fortified; and posterity will look back to him, as to no other, as her historian.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Life with Lora

Seal Morning. By ROWENA FARRE. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Rowena Farre denies having inherited from the aunt with whom she lived for several years as a girl in a remote croft in Sutherland, a gift for attracting to herself wild animals. This is surely too modest a disclaimer from one who returned from a holiday on the Isle of Lewis carrying in her arms a baby seal wrapped in a tartan blanket. It was her aunt who said that the seal must go as soon as she was able to fend for herself; but long before this time Lora had established herself as a member of a household that already included a pair of squirrels, a pair of otters, and a tame rat as permanent inmates, besides all the injured birds, birds found freezing in the snow, the motherless and the wounded who found friends in Miss Farre and her aunt. Warmth would be restored (with oil-lamps, doll's hot-water bottles, and flannel) and life (with milk fed down tiny throats with screws of cotton-wool). But the seal was the favourite; and who could resist a loving seal, who even when full-grown would still try to climb into her mistress's lap; who understood and responded to thirty-five words (as against a mere eighteen from the otters); who went into a trance of pleasure when played to on a wooden pipe; who could herself play on a trumpet, a mouth-organ and a xylophone such simple tunes as *God Save the King* and *Danny Boy*—her music lessons given at her own ardent wish, and much against the grain of the human occupants of the croft; who met the postman and carried home the letters (on one unfortunate occasion she had a swim on the way); and who spread her own mackintosh after returning from a dip in the lochan?

Most animal stories end in tragedy, and the Sutherland croft had its share; the dog who had to be shot for sheep-worrying, the squirrel carried off by a kite. The otters took to longer and longer wanderings, and at last returned only occasionally to their home; Lora herself disappeared one day, no one knows where. Perhaps that was well, for how, otherwise, her mistress could ever have left to take up her own life it is hard to imagine. One cannot betray the love of animals; the problem is as Yeats found it in his cat and hare; for they

> Look up to me for learning and defence
> As I look up to Providence.

And the problems of non-betrayal—above all when the bond is with water-dwellers like seals and otters—can become agonisingly acute on the human side.

Miss Farre is not sentimental about her animals. She does not love animals indiscriminately. Worst of all was Sith, the beautiful roebuck who was the terror of all the other inmates of the croft, until he took to the hills, to the relief of all. Miss Farre finds the roebuck cold by nature, and incapable of such love as lies latent in the hearts of rats, squirrels, ptarmigan, otters and above all seals with their sweet bluish-hazel eyes.

KATHLEEN RAINE

Automation Moves East

Automation and Social Progress. By S. LILLEY. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 21*s.*

Dr. Lilley had finished the text of this book before the recent spate of British books about automation began to appear. Inevitably, therefore, he covers much old-new grounds. We read again of machines like Leo, the Lyons' computer, and his host of American cousins, the technical significance of feed-back control, and the likely effects of the introduction of automation on wages and employment. But clearly this is an account of automation with a difference. The challenge moves east. More space is devoted to the Soviet Union than to the United States, and the economics of automation are interpreted for the first time (in English) in more or less strict Marxist terms. The first few chapters provide an extremely lucid and tightly knit introduction to the "facts" of automation with some new and interesting thoughts about the effects of automation on design: the last few chapters include a rather tendentious compilation of comments on national economic policy and contemporary international politics. It is indicative of the pace of recent political changes that the second half of the book seems much more dated than the first.

As an orthodox Marxist, Dr. Lilley starts with many advantages in discussing this subject. He shows convincingly that the significance of automation can only be understood in the light of the whole history of machines and innovations: he emphasises that automation does not for the most part create new problems, it merely intensifies problems which have been with us for many years: above all, he states firmly and correctly that technical forecasts of the future are in themselves quite inadequate. The actual shape of things to come will be determined just as much (or more) by social factors—by the readiness with which our social organisation adapts itself to make good use of automation and to avoid the dangers of using it wrongly. Quite rightly, too, he maintains, as firmly as any Chancellor of the Exchequer—more firmly than most—that "no negative policy of opposing the introduction of automation as such" can be seriously considered. "While automation can intensify the problems of our economy, the alternative of not automating can only lead to economic disaster." There is much sound sense in this book, and an attempt at a real analysis, not a mere catalogue of possible causes and consequences.

Doubts arise, as they usually do, when a near-perfect prospect of Socialist planning is contrasted with the inevitably downhill descent of capitalist planlessness. Dr. Lilley is right to point to the tragic social and economic muddles of the British motor-car industry and to the Soviet willingness to skip motor-cars and to build automatic fac-

Sultan in Oman

JAMES MORRIS

★ "A minor literary masterpiece."
R. H. S. CROSSMAN, *New Statesman.*

★ "A notable contribution to the English literature of Arabia."
LORD KINROSS, *The Sunday Times.*

A brilliant description of a spectacular *coup de main* in south-east Arabia, by the author of *Coast to Coast.* Foreword by PETER FLEMING. *With 24 photographs, 1 in colour, and 2 maps.* 16/-

Justine

LAWRENCE DURRELL

★ "One has no hesitation in acclaiming this as a great novel."
JOHN DAVENPORT, *The Observer.*

★ "A blend of imagination and memory, of analysis and dream, poetry and prose . . . He writes with a continuous chain-reacting intensity of landscape and love."
CYRIL CONNOLLY, *Sunday Times.*

★ BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION. 15/-

Switchboard

ROGER LONGRIGG

★ "Farcical episodes . . . Brilliant conversation . . . Wickedly exact." *New Statesman.*

A dazzling successor to Roger Longrigg's first novel *A High-Pitched Buzz* which was chosen by KINGSLEY AMIS as "the book I enjoyed most" in 1956. (*The Observer*).

★ DAILY SKETCH CHOICE. 15/-

Look Back in Anger

JOHN OSBORNE

★ REPRINTING already. The text of "the best young play of its decade"—KENNETH TYNAN in *The Observer.* 10/6

The Ghosts of Versailles

LUCILLE IREMONGER

★ "A classic of literary detection." JOHN CONNELL, *Evening News.* ★ "Absolutely fascinating." MARGARET LANE, *The Critics*, B.B.C.

With 17 plates. 21/-

Concerning JAZZ

SINCLAIR TRAILL, editor of *Jazz Journal*, edits an international collection of articles by Hughes Panassié, Douglas Hague, Mezz Mezzrow, Gerald Lascelles, Stanley Dance, Mike Butcher and Brian Nichols.

With 20 photographs. 12/6

FABER

tories. The Kaganovitch First State Ball-bearing factory in Moscow and an automatic piston plant, set up as long ago as 1950, are preferred to large numbers of immediately useful transfer machines. Unfortunately, Dr. Lilley says tantalisingly little about the way Soviet technical policy is determined or detailed reactions to that policy. He tells us of a *Pravda* report that the Trade Union Committee at the Kaganovitch factory had passed a resolution criticising the management for not making sufficient use of modern techniques, and implies that given the existence of "socialism" such healthy reversals of conventional British attitudes always follow as automatically as automation itself. A much more critical analysis of the place of the worker in the new Socialist system is surely needed. It is not sufficient to point generally to the problem of unemployment in capitalist countries and the existence of full employment in Socialist countries, important though this contrast may be. The psychological reaction of workers to new processes and their attitudes towards management and each other are not conditioned entirely by who owns the means of production.

According to Dr. Lilley, Russian workers have three reactions to automation—first, they are united in believing that it eases labour and improves working conditions; second, they feel that it gives them an opportunity of exercising the knowledge and skill, which they have been at much trouble to acquire; and third, they consider that it is a step towards ending the division between manual and mental labour. These are all very "laudable" reactions. Are there no tensions, no anxieties, no jealousies, no reservations? Are workers as docile as machines?

These are the sort of questions which Dr. Lilley's panegyric of Russian methods raises in a critical mind. The fact that he occasionally remarks that he does not think that everything in Russia is carried out perfectly—he does not develop this point—makes the reader wish for more light and shadow, for a fuller interpretation of Russian economic practices, designed for those already familiar with his *exposé* of economic conditions in Birmingham and Coventry and his version of Marxist economic theory.

There seems, according to Dr. Lilley, to be a different attitude to work in the Soviet Union. Automation is thought of there as a means of exercising skill, of making work more interesting and creative; in Britain it is bound up with "a progressive reduction in hours without loss of pay," with individual leisure rather than with social achievement. How far is Dr. Lilley right? And how far is he right in attributing the difference to the qualities of two systems of capitalism and Socialism? At times, even he appears to suggest, in rather mystical language, that it is bound up also with the difference between old and new societies, "vigorous and progressive youth" and "senile decay." Whatever the explanations, there is still scope for further studies of the effects of automation on work and leisure, and we would do well in pragmatic Britain to look east as well as west when we meditate on what Dr. Lilley (and not Mr. Diebold) calls "a new philosophy of production."

ASA BRIGGS

Fr. Trevor Huddleston

writes of

SEGREGATION

"Of the many books on the colour-bar, this is to me **supremely the best . . . all that needs saying** about racial prejudice from the human, personal, flesh-and-blood angle." (*Tribune*)

by PENN WARREN

"A moving and poetical book, the best antidote to dry and doctrinaire solutions."
CYRIL CONNOLLY
(*Sunday Times*)

"Superb and compassionate reporting . . . probably the best account of the South's predicament." PATRICK O'DONOVAN
(*Observer*)

"With great literary skill, with sympathy and penetration, he makes all of us feel the passion and the perplexity."
D. W. BROGAN
(*Books of the Month*)

SEGREGATION

Eyre & Spottiswoode, 9s. 6d.

Kind Hearts and Coronets

My Memories of Six Reigns. By H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE. *Evans.* 30*s.*

"Essayez." The Memoirs of Lawrence, Second Marquess of Zetland. *Murray.* 28*s.*

Home and Abroad. By LORD STRANG. *Deutsch.* 21*s.*

Memory to Memory. By SIR ARNOLD LUNN. *Hollis & Carter.* 21*s.*

A clutch of red-carpet autobiographies demands *placement* rather than literary placing. All these four writers are distinguished individuals—one was a granddaughter of Queen Victoria—and each has his or her own nuance of ponderability. The late Princess Marie Louise writes with the simplicity, the clear outlines of Royalty. The ivory platitudes, the soft banalities that fall from the lips of her crowned heads, fail to disguise her own warm heart and lively imagination. She might have sat for Proust's portrait of the Queen of Naples. Those who prefer to take their Sandringham neat, unmixed with Crawfie or the Sunday serials, will enjoy an hour with the princess. She never puts a foot wrong, except when expatiating on that sad cultural emblem of the Wembley Age, Queen Mary's Doll's House. Lutyens ("'Sned' we used to call him") designed the façade and Miss Jekyll laid out the garden. Kipling added lines to *If* for the library, E. V. Lucas gave good advice all round. Only Shaw had the good sense to refuse a contribution:

> . . . I am going to say quite plainly that he wrote in a very rude manner . . . his letter was not even amusing and, at the risk of offending his many admirers, I say that it was not worthy of one who claimed, as he did, to be a man of genius. I fail to see how he could have missed this great opportunity to have one of his works included in the Doll's House as a record of an outstanding author of the reign of George V.

The late Princess Marie Louise turns up again—on a slightly more acid note—in Sir Arnold Lunn's memoirs. Sir Arnold is far and away the most readable of the quartet. A flamboyant reactionary, pat with the tag from de Maistre that flattens out a revolution, he is happiest when summarising Hohenzollern titles or proclaiming that "what differentiates man from the beasts that perish is his respect for the conventions of a hierarchical society." He is deep read in all social lore, expert in what Burke called "the solemn plausibilities of the world." Like all good snobs he is a born detector of snobbery in others. He atones for his yawn-making eulogy of the ex-Queen of Spain by his malicious cameo of E. F. Benson:

> His frank and unaffected delight in, and reverence for, the values of the aristo-pli tocratic society which provided him with materials for his story was one of the things which made the book [*Dodo*] a success, but it was the attack on Margot Tennant which transformed a success into a best-seller. Mrs. Asquith told my father that Benson came to see her in Grosvenor Square and began nervously to express his regrets that he should have been considered to have taken her as the model for *Dodo*. Mrs. Asquith interrupted his unconvincing Apologia.
>
> "Oh, but nobody, my dear Mr. Benson, could *possibly* think that your heroine was meant for me. I am *not* beautiful, and I *don't* hunt in June."

Friends of the late Hugh Kingsmill had better let this book by his brother alone. It gives the lie to much of the contemporary Kingsmill legend, including the conventional portrait of Sir Henry Lunn, who, far from being the strait-laced pomposo so often represented, seems to have been an eccentric on the grand scale with a genuinely religious vocation.

As Ronaldshay, Lord Zetland, a former Governor of Bengal and Secretary of State for India, wrote the life of Lord Curzon in three huge volumes—a vast procession of a book, as unbending and magisterial as his Lordship's own progress through life. Lord Zetland has now contrived a much more modest procession for himself. "Many Occasions," "Constitutional Advance," "Literary Work and Some Reflections," "Racing: A Hereditary Pastime," and "Life at Letterewe," are specimen chapter-headings. An honourable and rather dull record of a strenuous and worthy career. Lord Zetland is nothing if not uncomplicated: Lord Strang, frankly, is a poser. As a former Permanent Under-Secretary of the F.O. he is entrenched deep in the heart of the British ruling class. Yet, like several holders of this key appointment—Hammond, Eyre Crowe, Vansittart—he is an original. Born outside the Establishment ("now I had been pitted against all comers and been passed in") he remains engagingly and unpompously himself, the chess-master eager to "handle problems at the centre," rather than be a gilded pawn in an ambassadorial study. "To be young and live on the Left Bank before Armageddon," he writes, "was to be in Arcadia." How often one reads that kind of remark and dismisses it as mere *blague*. But in Lord Strang's case one somehow knows he means it. His account of his student days under Housman and W. P. Ker at University College have a touch of that true *pietas* that never leaves the man who has climbed slowly and with effort into the great world. Lord Strang is a clever, sensitive and likeable human being, but he has lived in and for his red boxes most of his life and his book has been written out of a strange boxed-up innocence.

JOHN RAYMOND

Michael Ventris and Linear B

Documents in Mycenaean Greek. By MICHAEL VENTRIS and JOHN CHADWICK. *Cambridge.* 84*s.*

If Michael Ventris proved, as I feel sure he did, that the language written in the script called Linear B is Greek, he made the third of the great advances in Aegaean prehistory. Schliemann in 1876 uncovered the graves and golden wealth of bronze-age Mycenae: "I have gazed at the face of Agamemnon." He was probably wrong, but it now seems certain that Mycenaean civilisation is the Greek way of life Homer remembered and not "Minoan" (Cretan) as Sir Arthur Evans insisted. Among the fabulous discoveries of the six acres of palace Evans excavated at Knossos were some 2,800 clay tablets inscribed with two forms of writing: Linear A, comparatively rare but found elsewhere in Cretan excavations, and Linear B, much more frequent and found in Crete only at Knossos. It is not at all surprising that Ventris should have determined to decipher the Linear B he saw as a boy of 13 in 1936 at a lecture given by Evans.

Anyone who has ever held in his hand a tablet of these clear, repetitive signs will agree that the thing looks as if it should be readable.

Ventris's adolescent view was that the language was Etruscan. When he emerged from the war after serving as a navigator in Bomber Command (the problems seemed more interesting than mere "driving") he trained as an architect and quickly proved himself a man with a brilliant power of co-ordination but not one who easily made the imaginative leap from the assembly of data to a building on the drawing-board. The decipherment of Linear B was to be an intellectual far more than an imaginative process. Meanwhile some help was coming from America. Professor Blegen had unearthed 596 tablets written in Linear B from a Mycenaean palace on the mainland of Greece, near Pylos; Miss Alice Kober (whose early death in 1950 was with that of Ventris himself in 1956 an appalling loss to Hellenic Studies) assembled a list of the phonetic signs, proved that the language was inflected and began work on the famous "grid." Those who want to follow this entertaining method of producing a series of phonetic patterns from some eighty probable signs for a syllable combined with five probable vowels must read *Documents in Mycenaean Greek* for themselves. Ventris seems to have been genuinely surprised that he found an early form of Greek.

Now that the script has been read a good deal of it seems "obvious." An impressive feature of Linear B is the use of ideograms as additional explanations of words expressed in letters. No doubt they were an aid to the illiterate. Thus we discover *i-qo picture-of-horse* 5, *o-no picture-of-donkey* 3, *po-ro picture-of-foal* 2—the numbers expressed as a series of Arabic figure-ones. School Greek is equally detectible in such pieces as *a-pi-qo-i-ta / do-e-ra ideogram-for-woman* 32 *ko-wa me-zo-e* 5 *ko-wa me-wi-jo-e* 15 *ko-wo me-wi-jo-e* 4: i.e., "Amphiquhoitas (owns) females slaves women 32, girls bigger 5, girls smaller 15, boys smaller 4."

It will be sad if the Er-Greeks are found to have used writing for no other purpose than to record who owned whom and what and who owed what to whom. But that's how it looks. There is evidently in the three hundred tablets Ventris deciphered, in collaboration with Mr. John Chadwick, a great deal of material for the philologist and the historian, and more than a little to delight the ordinary reader in search of the feel of Mycenaean times—"One horse-chariot painted crimson, dismantled, with leather cheek-straps and horn bits," "To the priestess of the winds, 36 l. oil." Yet "proputty, proputty, proputty" is the theme as insistently as in *The Northern Farmer* and spelled far worse.

Linear B is a troublesome way of writing Greek. It was surely devised for some other language? It has odd rules, many exceptions and much vagueness: e.g. the k- sign represents k- g- kh-; l and r are not differentiated; final -l -m -n -r -s are not indicated when they end a syllable. A distinguished philologist, Professor A. J. Beattie, finds in this vagueness, entailing the possibility of reading several "words" from any polysyllable, together with his own opinion of what may be expected to be a language spoken by Greeks, c. 1500-1100 B.C., reasons for rejecting Ventris's interpretations, horse, girl, chariot and everything else; he is particularly scornful of *me-wi-jo-e* as an earlier form of *meiones*. Ventris is, he says in effect, a ventriloquist who produces Greek where none is. The amateur reader of Professor Beattie's attack on the Ventris system in the current issue of *The Journal of Hellenic Studies* may feel as I did that he has made an alarmingly strong case, though he clearly exaggerates the number of possible variant readings. It was probably an amateur who as A Special Correspondent to *The Sunday Times* wished to provoke "a first-class academic row" by stating that there would certainly be one. Or could be, as is suggested in some academic circles, a historian, committed to the Evans view of Cretan domination, with a book half-written and anxious to make a quick test of opinion? He has in fact obtained it: pro-Ventris to a man.

Since 1953, when Ventris published his system in *J.H.S.*, the scholars who are actually working in Mycenaean archaeology and epigraphy have come with growing enthusiasm to the new interpretation. For the archaeologists, and particularly for Professor A. J. B. Wace (whom Evans once inhibited from digging because of his anti-Minoan views) there has been the special pleasure of proving by epigraphy what they had been urging from artifacts—that mainland Greece was never more than influenced by Minoan styles and that the Palace Period at Knossos represents a Greek conquest. And, of course, those who shared the seminars held at London University succumbed, as did everyone who met him, to the extraordinary personal charm of Michael Ventris. But it was not charm that made these very able men, some of them war-time experts in cryptography, accept Linear B as Greek. There is, they say, a clearly defined point where cyphers "break," and this one has broken into Greek. The difficulty is now with a language that bears the same sort of relationship to Attic Greek as Anglo-Saxon does to modern German. Much work remains to be done on it. This large, handsome and beautifully printed book could persuade any reader who has school Greek and fancies himself at cross-words to follow Ventris's example and have a further crack at Linear B.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Hamish Hamilton has published the definitive *Collected Poems* of Edna St. Vincent Millay (42s.). Compiled by her sister, it includes the sonnets and most of the lyrics, and sixteen poems not published in previous volumes. *Alexander the Great and His Time* (Rockliff, 25s.) is a second edition of Dr. Agnes Savill's study which first appeared in 1954. On February 14 Dents publish Everyman volumes of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* (2 vols. 10s. 6d. each), *Hindu Scriptures* (7s.) and Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* (6s.).

The Race Question in Modern Science

"a book which all should read who wish to understand the nature of their own prejudice."

—*CYRIL CONNOLLY*

"interesting findings"—*Reynolds News*

"sound material"—*Belfast Telegraph*

374 pages. 17s. 6d.

UNESCO / SIDGWICK & JACKSON

A career and how to choose it

On weekdays until March 4, thirty-one famous industries and business firms are making a series of careers announcements in the Manchester Guardian. They are each taking a whole page to describe in full the careers and prospects they offer those about to earn a living. This annual feature covers every section of industry and includes openings for both the scientist and the arts student. In addition, the 'classified' section of the Manchester Guardian presents a generous range of career opportunities all the year round. And, of course, its editorial columns are read for their sense and sincerity at all times. Spare copies of the Manchester Guardian are apt to vanish with speed—why not place a regular order with your newsagent?

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

A Lively Canter with Battered Art Works

Pictures in Peril. By H. H. PARS. *Faber.* 25*s.*

There is nothing so poignant, if these things affect you, as reading in the footnotes of Vasari's *Lives of the Painters* of the masterpieces which, since he wrote, have been lost to us through vandalism and changing fashion. But considering the extent of those merciless and trivial activities in which the desire for power has involved mankind over the centuries, it is remarkable that so many works of art survive.

The publishers describe this book as a "brilliant and lively survey" of such tragic losses and equally of the strokes of good fortune which have preserved many of the world's treasures when they seemed doomed. A lively survey it is indeed. Herr Pars tackles art history like a dachshund weighing into a feather pillow and in a huge welter of fluff some fascinating feathers come floating down in the form of anecdotes, many of them quite unfamiliar, at least to this reader. Where they are not so, some of them seem to him to be quite accurate.

Unfortunately, several large sections of this book will be more familiar here than perhaps they would have been to German readers. It seems odd, for instance, that when Herr Pars had translated into German a large chunk of J. A. Symonds's *Life of Michelangelo*, and a similar lump of Mr. S. N. Behrman's enjoyable *New Yorker* profile of Duveen, that Messrs. Faber thought it advisable to translate these passages back into English. However there is plenty of other material which Herr Pars in his diligence has unearthed about man's casual and sometimes vicious iconoclasm and equally man's patient and often inspired devotion to works of art. The chapter on Leonardo's wax bust of Flora and Mr. Wilfred Cockle Lucas's trousers is particularly enjoyable. In fact Herr Pars does not mention the trousers themselves which legend has it—but no, if the reader is not sufficiently intrigued to get hold of the book, let him remain for ever ignorant of what Leonardo's wax bust contained by way of armature.

The detailed description of the adventures of various famous pictures, their vicissitudes, disappearances, rediscoveries, and restorations, makes exciting reading despite the prose style, which may of course be the result of heavy-handed translation. The illustrations are not good. Not only are they soupy as reproductions, but the choice of them shows a strongly German bias—this is natural, but no one here will feel very strongly about the German Romantic casualties of the *Glaspalast* fire in 1931, nor experience much of a pang at the loss of Mackart's portrait of Count Zicky. These plates might well have been replaced by illustrations of other lost masterpieces, particularly those destroyed in 1945 in the great Flaksturm fire. The copy of "The Battle of Anghiari" is deplorable and the layout of the pages of plates is not worthy of the publishers.

As gossip, some of it scholarly, *Pictures in Peril* is stimulating, but as a book it is clumsy and often embarrassing, not because Herr Pars' passion for painting is not genuine or because his sense of loss and waste is not real, but because the full history of iconoclasm is unbearable and needs a great historian to give it full and terrible weight. Such a history, with a study of the effect of looting upon the cultural history of Europe, would be worth undertaking in a more sober fashion.

MICHAEL AYRTON

My Secret Diary of the Dreyfus Case

MAURICE PALEOLOGUE

"His diary is the stuff of history. Here is the feverish and dangerous atmosphere in which the Case developed, the hysteria, the diplomatic background, the scenes and personalities . . . an authentic picture of the time, a vivid, lively rhetorical record."—*Evening Standard.*

"I found this book absorbing."—*Sunday Times.*

21*s.*

D. J. ENRIGHT

Heaven Knows Where

"Jaunty in style and outlook, a highly enjoyable frolic in Utopia."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"Behind all the literary fun lurks some sharp political satire."—*Daily Telegraph.* 16*s.*

DAPHNE ATHAS

The Fourth World

A co-ed school for the blind which yet believes the blind should never marry is the setting for this strong unsentimental novel. 18*s.*

Secker & Warburg

Magic into Mystery

Alchemy. By E. J. HOLMYARD. *Penguin.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

I am grateful to Mr. Holmyard for having written this book. When next I take an examination (as I sometimes do in my dreams) and am asked to offer a few remarks on Go (Ko)-Hung, I shall know just what to say. Go (Ko)-Hung was born in 254 and died in 334; his sobriquet of Bao-pu-dzu (Pao P'u-tsu) has been happily rendered by Wu and Davis as "Old Sober-Sides"; and he maintained that the transmutation of metals can be accomplished only on some famous great mountain—a small mountain being quite inadequate. The examiners may not be convinced that I really know much about early Chinese alchemy. But they will be bound to admit that I have tried.

Mr. Holmyard's work, however, has a value other and greater than that of giving us much engagingly outlandish information. It writes a whole chapter in the history of man's struggle for mental coherence before the baffling phenomena of the natural world, and offers some daunting glimpses of the long sterilities that can befall the questing intellect. Western alchemy began in Hellenistic Egypt, and Eastern alchemy is much older. But in 1622 the German alchemist Mylius still recognised only four degrees of heat, and it was only the eighteenth century that saw the invention of thermometers. And it was not merely the lack of quantitative method that impeded the advance of natural philosophy. The proceedings of the alchemists were seldom experimental in the sense of being designed to verify hypotheses based on observation, with a consequent elucidation of intelligible laws. They were much more like cookery (the *bain-marie*, indeed, was originally a piece of alchemical apparatus), with the recipes already known and in the book, and success depending upon good fortune and technical accomplishment. Moreover the synthesising character of the medieval intellect, for which the unity of the world and all things in it was an unshakeable belief, militated against the effective disengagement of one and another practicable scientific field. When Arnold of Villanova compares the alchemical work with the conception, birth, crucifixion and resurrection of Christ he is witnessing to the manner in which the Great Work was intimately bound up with religious belief and mystical speculation.

And this is an element that becomes more, and not less, prominent as alchemy develops. We are accustomed to think of science as emerging, in certain aspects, out of magic; but in alchemy there appears to be observable something like a reverse process. It is as if, having little success in the practical sphere, it imperceptibly removed itself to another. This holds of the world of Go (Ko)-Hung, where, by A.D.1000, experimental alchemy was in desuetude and its terminology adapted to spiritual and mystical systems. In the West, similarly, the transmutation of metals came to be viewed as symbolical of the transmutation of imperfect man into a state of perfection, so that it becomes difficult to determine whether much alchemical writing is in fact designed to convey real chemical information, or whether it is essentially symbolical and written for our edification. This is very queer territory, to which Mr. Holmyard is an erudite and fascinating guide.

J. I. M. STEWART

New Novels

Justine. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Faber.* 15*s*

The Deer Park. By NORMAN MAILER. *Wingate.* 15*s.*

Into the Dream. By EDWARD HYAMS. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

Kampong. By RONALD HARDY. *Muller.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Everyone will be eager to read Mr. Durrell's long-awaited novel *Justine*, which might be styled an erotic fantasia on the theme of Alexandria in the Thirties. It offers plenty of rewards and some disappointment. It is at its best the closer it stays to prose-poetry, the further it keeps away from the accepted conventions of the novel, from what he did to her and she to him.

There are, as we should expect from Mr. Durrell, delicious word-pictures of the city, the light, the dust, the street-perspectives, the winds, the moods; and eloquent nicely condensed evocations of the historic past, everything from Anthony's desertion by the God Hercules—we get a fine translation of Cavafy's poem in the appendix—to the general spiritual ferment throughout the centuries. If Mr. Durrell had been content to string these together on a light egoistical thread he could have given us a Levantine Palinurus, and it is as this perhaps that his book can best be enjoyed. But he was determined on a novel complete with a heroine, the insatiable Justine, wife of a millionaire Copt, who should not only symbolise the city, past and present, but be presented naturalistically, both in bed and out, by a young English schoolmaster. His musings on her and his other mistress, the sad phthisic Greek cabaret singer, Melissa, and his time in Alexandria provide the narrative. Incidentals include some novelists engaged on the problem of Justine, a neo-Cabalist doctor, and, for some comic relief against the prevailing tragic overtone, a fantastical French diplomat; also a ludicrous English remittance man, one of those crypto-queer hearties who are so much heartier than the real thing, who becomes an intelligence agent. A large cast, and possibly a more dramatic form might have helped to present it; but Mr. Durrell uses very little dialogue. It is difficult to "feel" his characters. They seem to worry him as well and this may account for some strange variations in the level of the writing. His descriptive talent, so strong elsewhere, sometimes breaks down when confronted with them so that he can let pass a banality such as "She gazed about her like a half-trained panther," and compare a man's head to "the flat triangular head of the snake with the huge frontal lobes." The reader is advised to treat them as poetic properties and concentrate on the city.

Those of us who cheered for Mr. Mailer when his excellent war-novel, *The Naked and the Dead*, was attacked by the aged editor of the *Sunday*

Times as obscene, are now beginning to feel like a bench of progressive magistrates who find they have paroled a dangerous sex-maniac. *The Deer Park* is a long stone-dead chronicle of promiscuous copulation masquerading as a satire on Hollywood. Almost everything is wrong with it apart from a certain pert wisecracking readability which almost makes things worse. The story-telling, by a young ex-air force lieutenant named Sergius O'Shaughnessy, is so inept that the narrator fades away for long periods from the fœtid scene leaving the stars and starlets, the call girls and the pimps, the nymphos and the queers, the dipsos and the drug-addicts to get on with it. Is it any use charitably suggesting that it is not Mr. Mailer's fault? That if Laclos had gone to Hollywood *Les Liaisons* would have been cold veal? Not the slightest; but California certainly does dreadful things to promising writers.

Mr. Hyams is always interesting even if the shapes of his novels are generally unsatisfactory. They should, I feel, have either less form or more; either the long, rambling picaresque or the tightly plotted *tour-de-force* might suit him better. *Into the Dream* is a losely biographical double-yolked egg. Edwin Cromer is the son of an advertising magnate and wants to be a Kentish fruit farmer. His school friend Paul Colethorpe (encountered at one of those cosmopolitan Swiss lycées, very amusingly described) wants to be a bright young businessman. They change places in the course of some very complicated action which includes a dust-up in a South American banana republic, the marriage of Edwin's father to Edwin's *fiancée* and an affair between Paul and Edwin's father's mistress. Another of Mr. Hyams's difficulties is that he cannot make up his mind whether he is writing straight or satirically, but lively and readable he remains.

Kampong is a worthy documentary study of a medical mission in Java struggling to wipe out yaws, that first cousin of syphilis. Human problems include hangovers from the Japanese occupation, dispossessed Dutch, and the intransigence of Indonesian officials. Detail is Mr. Hardy's speciality, detail and a mood of neo-Greenish pessimism. He uses too many epithets, but this is all due to his zeal that you should miss nothing.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Loyalty or Security?

Freedom is as Freedom Does. By CORLISS LAMONT. *Calder*. 25s.

The Torment of Secrecy. By EDWARD SHILS. *Heinemann*. 15s.

Atomic Quest. By A. H. COMPTON. *Oxford*. 30s.

Now that McCarthyism is ebbing, it is possible to ask how much permanent damage has been done to American civil liberties by this tidal wave. Mr. Lamont's book provides an important part of the answer. As Lord Russell remarks in an enthusiastic introduction, "it is an admirable epitome of the various forms of attack on personal liberty that have been taking place in America in recent years; and Mr. Lamont has shown good judgment in selecting from an enormous mass of material." The book, however, has its limitations. Mr. Lamont is an absolutist in his liberalism and an inveterate fellow-traveller. For him there is no problem of security, since he condemns all screening as a violation of the Bill of Rights, and in any case refuses to treat the Communists as anything but an ordinary political party. Thus, although his facts are accurate and he gives chapter and verse for them, they are not always complete, as one can see from his summary of the reasons why Oppenheimer was denied security clearance.

In *The Torment of Secrecy* exactly the same set of facts is reviewed from a very different standpoint—that of a sociologist with a deeply conservative philosophy of politics and a consequential admiration for everything British—except the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. While Mr. Lamont was fighting McCarthyism, Mr. Shils was labelling it a demagogic form of populism opposed to the pluralism which characterises individualistic democracy. Anyone who takes the trouble to translate the academic jargon of this book into plain English will be rewarded, since it contains far the most penetrating account yet published of why witch-hunting is endemic in the United States but not in Britain. While Britain is still a country of oligarchy and privacy, American democracy has no respect for its rulers and is determined to hunt out their secrets. So, whereas in Britain Communist espionage remained a problem of *security*, in the United States the issue at once became one of *loyalty*. Mr. Shils has no difficulty in showing that the loyalty tests, which remain after the McCarthyite wave has subsided, make the tasks of security far more difficult, as well as putting formidable obstacles in the way of developing new secret weapons.

Professor Compton is very much aware of the suspicion with which his fellow countrymen regard scientists and intellectuals, and it must be assumed that he has written this popular account of the development of nuclear weapons in order to show that a famous American scientist can be a normal healthy American. One is not surprised, therefore, to discover that he dismisses Professor P. M. Blackett's views on the atomic bomb as "prejudiced," and devotes only three pages to the problems of security and loyalty. This is what he has to say about the Oppenheimer case:

> Some of Oppie's friends are or have been on the Communist side of the line. This has made it necessary for those in positions of highest responsibility reluctantly to withdraw from him access to our military secrets. They had to recognise that these personal friendships and loyalties could form a channel through which information might inadvertently flow.

Atomic Quest should be popular—outside the Universities.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A Voice in the storm

Above the trans-Atlantic gales of recent months sane voices have been heard, trying to repair rather than embitter the Anglo-American partnership, determined to review the shortcomings of their own country before moralising on those of their friends.

Few papers have played a more distinguished role in this respect than THE REPORTER, the liberal and internationalist American fortnightly which has brought a new dimension to trans-Atlantic journalism. Through its exploration of the real significance of the current news; through its insight into the changing patterns of American life and work; through its gaiety and good temper, THE REPORTER has become — in less than eight years — one of the most respected journals of fact and opinion in the free world. The wide audience it now commands in Britain is evidence of this.

Make sure that you get one of the limited number of copies still available.

The current issues are principally devoted to an illuminating discussion of the ways in which the United States shall live up to its responsibilities in the Middle East.

Ask your newsagent for a copy or subscription, or write direct to:

TRANSWORLD CIRCULATION COMPANY
PARK ROYAL ROAD, LONDON, N.W.10.

THE REPORTER

2/- each fortnight or 56/- a year.

If you can write you can always make money. Whether your job is in an office or running a home, you can surely spare three or four hours a week to doing something you've always wanted to do. The LSJ for over 35 years has helped hundreds to succeed. Its spare time correspondence courses are entirely personal — without time limit. Stories, Articles, Poetry — courses to cover every form of writing.

Write for free book and advice to:—

PROSPECTUS OFFICE
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
19 Hertford Street, Park Lane, London, W.1
GROsvenor 8259

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

★

U.C.C., founded 1887, provides Courses of Study for:—

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION
London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern Univ., and others.

LONDON UNIVERSITY DEGREES
B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B., B.D.

Teachers' Diplomas, Bar (Parts I and II).

PRIVATE STUDY COURSES are available in Economics, Sociology, Modern Languages (including Russian and Spanish), History, and many other subjects.

Staff of highly qualified Tutors. Low fees; instalments.

★ PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar,
70 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

Take it easy . . .

Do your desk-work whilst relaxed in your favourite armchair!

"Lap-tab," the revolutionary new folding armchair table is ideal for reading or writing by those who must take work home. The telescopic leg is adjustable to suit individual requirements. In the sick room the "Lap-tab" is ideal for invalids. The 30"-19" steel table top is covered with non-skid beige felt and has channels provided for pens and ash trays, making the table a first-class practical job which is attractively finished.

Priced £3.1.5. Carriage Paid. (U.K. only)
Brit. Pat. Nos. 615114, 735255 and 752177.
Send for illustrated folder.
You like it or we refund your money.

"Lap-tab"
folding Armchair table

LAP-TAB LTD., HASLUCKS GREEN ROAD, SHIRLEY, SOLIHULL, WARWICKSHIRE

Company Meeting

THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LIMITED

CHAIRMAN'S STATEMENT

MR. HARALD PEAKE ANNOUNCES LOWER PROFITS BUT EXCELLENT PROGRESS WITH DEVELOPMENT

RISING OUTPUT OF TINPLATE

In a year during which excellent progress has continued to be made with development work, it is particularly disappointing to record a reduction in Trading Profit (before depreciation) from £18,313,299 to £14,228,057. The latter figure is almost identical with the 1954 result.

A year ago it seemed reasonable to hope that the higher rate of profit would at least be maintained for the reasons that important sections of the second development plan would be coming into production during the year and further improvements in production methods were being effected. The resulting profits might well have made up for the increases in costs which could then be foreseen.

The main cause of the fall in profit was the national embargo on overtime working by maintenance craftsmen which affected operations in the Steel Division from April 30th to August 7th, 1956. This is estimated to have reduced the Company's production of steel ingots by 200,000 tons.

Between March and June, 1956, wage rates throughout the industry were increased by ten shillings a week. Freight charges were increased by five per cent and coal prices by six per cent. There were also increases in the prices of ingot moulds, common and refractory bricks and other articles.

The fall in profit would have been greater but for the official increases in iron, steel and tinplate prices, averaging about five per cent, which became effective from May 7th, 1956. These resulted from an application by the industry made in the early part of that year and based on the increased costs of imported ore and scrap.

Outstanding events of the year were the starting up of ninety additional coke ovens and of the fourth blast furnace, believed to be the largest in Europe, in January, 1956. The vast new tinplate works at Velindre, five miles north of Swansea, on which approximately £21,000,000 is being spent, started production on a small scale in July, 1956. Units of these magnitudes take some months to achieve economic rates of production.

SECOND DEVELOPMENT PLAN

At the end of the year £42,400,000 had been spent out of the total cost estimated to be £54,000,000. The larger units remaining to be completed under this plan are numbers eleven and twelve open hearth furnaces in the melting shop at the Abbey Works. These should be in production in 1957. There is also a considerable amount of work to be completed at Velindre before the output reaches the full capacity.

The plan was designed to raise the annual production of steel ingots to 2,400,000 tons and it is expected that this rate of production will be reached during 1958.

THIRD DEVELOPMENT PLAN

A year ago I concluded my statement by saying that the Company was playing an important part in the economic recovery of the country and that, if, in the national interest, still greater demands were made on it, I was confident that they would be met quickly and efficiently.

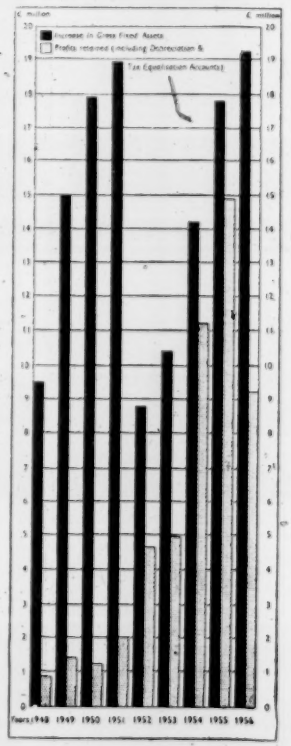
At that time a third development plan was in course of consideration and in March, 1956, it was possible to announce details.

In summary, provision is made for the construction at Margam of eighty additional coke ovens and a fifth blast furnace, together with three Bessemer Converters. These are designed to increase the annual production of steel ingots from 2,400,000 to 3,000,000 tons. The existing slabbing mill will be modified to enable it to handle the increased quantity of ingots. A proportionate increase in finished products will be achieved by the installation of a new 4-stand cold reduction mill to process light gauge sheets.

It is estimated that the plan will be completed towards the end of 1959 and that it will cost approximately £50,000,000. A substantial proportion will be found from internal resources.

Contracts for a large part of the work have now been signed. Good progress has been made with the preparation of the sites and the driving of concrete piles to carry foundations.

Actual expenditure incurred during the year on the third development plan amounted to £747,000.


£ million
Increase in Gross Fixed Assets
Profits retained (including Depreciation &
Tax Equalisation Accounts)
Years 1948 1949 1950 1951 1952 1953 1954 1955 1956

CAPITAL STRUCTURE

The only change during the year in the share and loan capital is the increase of £12,600,000 from £27,400,000 to £40,000,000 in the loan from the Iron and Steel Holding and Realisation Agency.

Expenditure on fixed assets during the year amounted to £19,229,632 compared with £17,794,543 during the previous year.

Profits retained during the year (including depreciation, amounts set aside for future taxation and transfers to fixed assets replacement reserve) amounted to £9,216,927 compared with £14,888,613 during the previous year.

At the end of the year the average rate of dividend and interest being paid on the ordinary shares, debenture stock and the loans was 5¼ per cent.

The £15,000,000 3 per cent First Mortgage Debenture Stock becomes due for repayment at 101 per cent on 16th July, 1957. It is too early to say how this matter will be dealt with but an announcement will be made at the earliest possible date.

THE ACCOUNTS

The Consolidated Profit and Loss Account summarises the results of the year's trading. Reference has already been made to the reduction in trading profit. Provision for depreciation increases in proportion to the additions to fixed assets.

Interest on loans has increased by £1,166,510 following the raising of interest rates by the Agency and by the Finance Corporation in March and April, 1956.

The amount provided for taxation this year is £1,950,000 compared with £5,650,000 for last year—a reduction of £3,700,000 due to the lower profit and to the fact that the charge for the year has been relieved to the extent of £1,300,000 arising from investment allowances.

The amounts charged to date for taxation are sufficient to cover income tax equalisation and all liabilities to income tax and profits tax on the profits to date. This brings the Company's income tax position to the basis normally adopted by established companies and has entailed providing, out of the nine years' profits to date, ten and a half years' income tax up to 5th April, 1958. The benefit of investment allowances on expenditure to September, 1955, has been utilised to assist in achieving this position.

The allocation to Fixed Assets Replacement Reserve is £1,700,000 this year compared with £1,400,000 last year.

The rate of dividend on the Ordinary Shares is again 4 per cent, being the rate prescribed for the time being by the Agency.

After making the provisions and allocations referred to above the amount carried forward to the credit of Profit and Loss Account is increased by £1,910,868 from £7,991,373 to £9,902,241.

In the Consolidated Balance Sheet there is little that calls for comment on the liabilities side. Under "Other Creditors" the provision for current taxation

is increased by £2,292,121 for the reason that for the first time in the history of the Company there is a current liability to income tax, as well as profits tax.

On the assets side the "Freehold and Leasehold Land, Buildings, Plant and Machinery and Sundry Equipment at cost" have increased by £32,421,106 and "Expenditure to date on Plant not yet in operation" has decreased by £14,859,483, making a net increase during the year on the two headings of £17,561,623.

Increases of £1,828,785 in the value of "Loose Plant and Tools" and of £5,214,040 in "Stocks and Stores" reflect the larger requirements resulting from the starting up of new production units. Increased prices are also a contributory factor.

Amounts due by other Subsidiary Companies of the Agency and "Other Debtors and Prepayments" require to be taken together. The large variations result from the Company having set up its own selling organisation in the spring of 1956. In view of the continuing increase in annual turnover it is satisfactory to report a reduction of £320,284 under these headings.

STEEL DIVISION

On April 26th, 1956, the Company was honoured by a visit from H.R.H. Princess Margaret, who was attended by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Glamorgan, Major C. G. Traherne. Before visiting points of interest in the Abbey Works under the guidance of Mr. Julian Pode, the Princess graciously consented to hand over to Major-General Lomax, the Colonel of the Welch Regiment, a set of silver drums as a present from the Company. The colourful ceremony was witnessed by a very large number of the staff and employees.

The Division has had an exceptionally busy, difficult, but in many ways successful year. The lighting up of the new coke ovens, the fourth blast furnace and two of the new open hearth furnaces were all major operations and it is satisfactory to report that all of them have now achieved the outputs for which they were designed.

As a result of starting up the new battery of coke ovens the output of coke increased from 720,000 tons to 956,000 tons. The opportunity was subsequently taken to put in hand the replacement of a number of the older ovens.

The production of No. 4 blast furnace enabled No. 2 blast furnace to be laid off and relined during the second half of the year. This has now been blown in and No. 3 blast furnace has in turn been laid off for relining. So far as the capacity for production of iron is concerned the position is tremendously improved as compared with a year ago. The actual output of pig iron increased from 943,000 tons to 1,018,000 tons during the year.

The output of steel ingots fell from 1,748,000 tons to 1,729,000 tons. But for the embargo on overtime by the craftsmen, which has already been referred to, the output would have exceeded 1,900,000 tons. The national dispute affecting the wages of craftsmen employed on maintenance work was the subject of a Court of Inquiry appointed by the Minister of Labour and National Service. It is estimated that the loss of output resulting from the embargo accounted for a reduction in the profit for the year of £2,900,000 and that the wages lost by the workpeople during the period of the embargo amounted to over £500,000.

In March, 1956, a breakdown occurred owing to the fracture of the spindle in the slabbing mill shears. It had been planned to change the shears, which were badly worn, in April, but the fracture occurred before the spare parts had been delivered. With the help of the Usinor Company in France, who immediately loaned us their only spare, the time lost was considerably reduced. The spindle was despatched from France to Port Talbot in record time and the actual replacement in the mill was accomplished in fourteen hours—a truly remarkable performance, of which all concerned may be justifiably proud.

The preparation and adoption of the third development plan has involved a tremendous amount of detailed work in all departments.

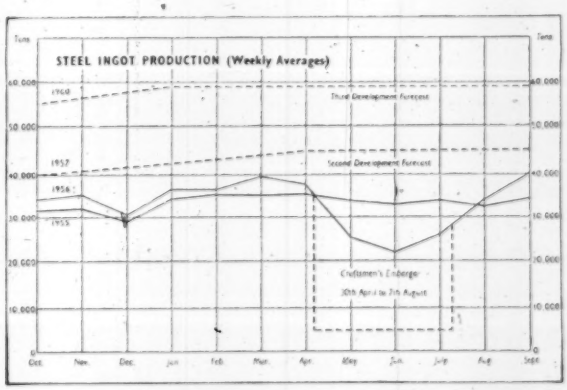
During the year Mr. W. F. Cartwright visited Russia, where he inspected some of the latest steelworks. He also attended the United Nations Economic Commission Conference on Steel in Sao Paulo.

TINPLATE DIVISION

The highlight of the year was the coming into operation of the cold reduction tinplate plant at Velindre in July, 1956. Started in July, 1953, this works is designed to produce 450,000 tons of tinplate a year, thereby doubling the present output of cold reduced tinplate. The designed capacity will not be reached until 1958 but production is building up month by month—slightly ahead of schedule.

The works at Trostre has more than fulfilled expectations and the quality of tinplate has never been better.

The old-type hand mills have continued to make a valuable contribution towards meeting market requirements. With the increase in production at Velindre, a reduction in the demand for hand mills



tinplate is to be expected. Not only is the cost of production at the hand mills substantially higher than at the strip mill, but the quality of the tinplate is less popular with customers.

NEWPORT DIVISION

At the Orb Works 2,260 persons are employed on the production of a complete range of electrical sheets and also in the production of galvanised sheets. A large part of the raw material is obtained from the Steel Division in the form of coiled strip. In the well-equipped laboratories much research work is done relating to the properties of the highly specialised electrical sheets for which there is an increasing demand in industry and of which this works supplies over fifty per cent of the home market.

During the year £430,000 has been spent towards the £2,000,000 sanctioned for the development of new processes.

MARKETS

The demand for the Company's products remained good up to the end of the financial year.

One of the objects of the formation of the Company was to enable the old-established industries for the production of steel sheets and tinplate to make once again an important contribution to the country's export trade. With this object in view, and also having regard to the growing production at the works, Mr. Julian Pode and Mr. G. N. May, the Deputy Sales Controller, visited our agents in Australia and in the United States early in 1956. During the year the Sales Controller, the Hon. M. J. Layton, has visited South Africa, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, France, India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon.

During the past year steel sheets, steel plates or tinplates have been exported to sixteen countries in the British Commonwealth and, in addition, to twenty-six foreign countries. These exports accounted for 21 per cent of the turnover of the Company last year. In all of these countries personal investigations have been made into market requirements, and questions of quality, packing and delivery have been discussed. Generally speaking, the prospects for increased exports are excellent.

EMPLOYEES

The Company now employs on operations 22,350 men and women compared with 20,750 a year ago. The number of men employed on new construction is 5,140 compared with 5,750 last year.

It is interesting to compare the number of men and women employed totalling 22,350 with the net value of total fixed assets in the balance sheet amounting to £119,283,175. This shows that for every employee, whether chairman, technician, newly joined apprentice or canteen waitress, an average capital investment of over £5,000 has been made to provide the plant, tools and amenities for production. This fact should bring home to all of us the confidence which a large body of people have placed in us and also the obligation that is placed upon every one of us to see that the confidence is fully justified.

In spite of the rapid rate of expansion in the number of employees a strong team spirit is being developed, backed by a determination that S.C.W. will become known throughout the markets of the world as a hall-mark of fine quality and of good service.

MILFORD HAVEN

Since the close of the financial year the Company has entered into an agreement, jointly with Guest Keen Iron & Steel Company Limited, to acquire a site on the south side of Milford Haven suitable for the discharge and transhipment of ore from ships of the largest tonnage that can at present be envisaged. No early developments are projected. The Directors are of the opinion that this is a wise provision for possible future requirements.

PROSPECTS

The economic consequences of the blocking of the Suez Canal are far reaching and users of our products are being adversely affected, more particularly in the motor industry. This has led to a reduction in the demand for steel sheets. The demand for plate and tinplate continues to be good. On the production side we may have to contemplate a further reduction in oil supplies, and the necessity to utilise larger quantities of pitch and creosote mixture. There have been substantial increases in freights, and costs tend to rise in other directions.

Some relief will be derived from the increases in maximum prices announced by the Iron and Steel Board and which operated from the 17th December, 1956. It has been made clear by the Iron and Steel Board that the increases do not take into account any of the effects of the closing of the Suez Canal.

The Company is fortunate to have an extremely efficient and loyal staff. The standard of work, both technically and administratively, is very high. Under the Managing Director, Mr. Julian Pode, they work as a team and take pride in the rebirth of an industry which in the past has contributed so much to the national prosperity. I have no doubt that our staff and workpeople will continue to give their best efforts to further the prosperity of the industry.

In spite of the difficult times in which we live and work, I view the prospects of the Company with confidence.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,406

Set by Buzfuz

The usual prizes are offered for a verse account of some of the early exploits of Master John Foster Dulles from *Now We Are Six* by Dwight David Milne. Limit 12 lines; entries by February 19.

Result of No. 1,403

Set by Glencora

Taking a hint from children's counting-out rhymes (e.g. "Eena, Meena, Mina Mo"; "one potato, two potato"; "My mother and your mother were hanging out the clothes") competitors are invited to compose a Counting-out Rhyme for a Prime Minister picking his Cabinet. Limit, 12 lines.

Report

Surprisingly, many of our competitors can never have been counted out for they offered rhymes descriptive rather than functional, comments on actual choices rather than helps to making the choices.

> Dicey, Dicey, Erskine May
> With forty names I have to play—

was an excellent opening in the right vein from E. A. McGaughrin, and so was Allan M. Laing's

> Climey, slimey, upper decker:
> I pick you for the Exchequer;
> Haggle, naggle, bought and paid:
> You're the man for the Board of Trade. . . .

After viva voce testing in the *N.S. & N.* office, rhymes by Eileen Haggitt, Barbara Young, A. F. Elliott, F. C. R. Wells and Gloria Prince win the prizes: two guineas to Eileen Haggitt, a guinea each to the others. Commended: H. H., H. C. Williams, Pip, Martin Jordan, R. A. McKenzie, though I am doubtful whether *Ten Little Nigger Boys* is a good model for a counting out rhyme.

> Ini, Mini, money maker,
> Chancellor of the Exchequer,
> Argy-bargy, pounds and pence,
> Education and Defence,
> Common Woe, and Common Weal,
> Scotland, Wales, and Privy Seal,
> Common Weal and Common Woe,
> Commonwealth and Foreign O.,
> Points and Petrol, Tosh and Tish,
> Power, Housing, Ag. and Fish,
> Labour, Pensions, B of T,
> Colonies, and little ME.
>
> EILEEN M. HAGGITT

> Never, never slaves, and never, never beaten,
> Beaverbrook, Churchill, Land of the Free,
> Cecil, Carlton Club, Blenheim, Eton,
> '22 Committee and in goes He!
>
> Peer's Son, Miner's son, Suez Group, Right Wing,
> House of Lords, Enterprise, K.C.B.,
> Still-Got-An-Empire and Still-Full-Of-Fight Wing,
> Ex-Lib., Ex-Lab., in goes He!
>
> BARBARA YOUNG

> Number off from Left to Right.
> Who's got hearing, speech and sight?
> Under three-score years and ten.
> That means *you*. Begin again:
>
> A. F. ELLIOTT

> He's a Cecil, she's a Cecil,
> I'm a Cecil, too.
> Here's a jolly Cavendish,
> Blue, true blue.
> Count up all the sons-in-law
> And the cousins, too,
> Pick a pepper for the Lords
> AND out goes you!
>
> F. C. R. WELLS

> Mystery, history, call a consistory,
> Cabinet gathering, gab in it, blathering,
> Mustering, clustering, huddling, muddling,
> Dreamers, seemers, schemers, triers,
> Dabblers, babblers, gabblers, liars,
> Flame-up, frame-up, flammery-shammery,
> Jiggery-pokery, piggery-jokery,
> Crookery-snatchery, cookery-patchery,
> Clap-trap hatchery,
> YOU!
>
> GLORIA PRINCE

The price of *India, Democracy and Education*, by Jossleyn Hennessy (Orient Longmans), reviewed in our issue of December 15, is 22s. 6d. and not, as stated, 15s.

CITY OF NOTTINGHAM

INVESTMENT IN CORPORATION LOANS

THE CITY OF NOTTINGHAM INVITES OFFERS OF LOANS OF £100 OR UPWARDS.

INTEREST AT **5½%** PER ANNUM

FOR PERIODS OF TWO, THREE, FIVE OR SEVEN YEARS. SPECIAL TERMS FOR LOANS OF £5,000 AND OVER ON APPLICATION. The rate of interest is not subject to variation during the selected period. Loans will be repaid in full at the end of the period, unless then renewed on mutually agreed terms. THESE MORTGAGES ARE TRUSTEE SECURITIES AND ARE FREE OF COST TO INVESTORS.

Application forms and other particulars may be obtained from the CITY TREASURER, EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, NOTTINGHAM.

City Lights

With Soul So Dead

It all began with Tsumeb—a company which was formed after the war when a consortium of mining finance houses (mostly American) bought some German assets in South-West Africa from the Custodian of Enemy Property. It has been mining an assortment of base metals very profitably ever since. Everyone thought of Tsumeb when the South West Africa Company announced, two or three months ago, that a bid might be made for its shares: the company's main asset was thought to be its investment in Tsumeb, the real value of which was unknown since Tsumeb shares are not quoted on any stock exchange, but which might well be considerable. The price of SWAC shares jumped sharply. When it became clear that the bid for SWAC was being made by Tsumeb itself, the market was surprised but unperturbed. The bid was in the form of mixed cash and shares of unknown value, but the directors seemed to approve this pig in a poke and the share price went up further

The trouble came this week. Investors may not know much about jet engines or nuclear fission, but they need to know the OK words which make them feel at home with these profitable sorts of white magic—the metals (whose names are symphonies), thorium, zirconium, beryllium and lithium, titanium and niobium. Now they are having another banged into their heads: vanadium. Vanadium, which is used commonly enough for alloying tool steels, is also good at standing heat. Like niobium (the daughter of tantalum) its future gleams through a mist of jet planes and fast reactors. Most of the world's present supply lies in the United States, where it is dug up with uranium and stockpiled by the government. Most of the rest (including Britain's supply) is produced by the South West Africa Company.

It is not clear whether the *Daily Express* told the Opposition about this or the Opposition told the *Daily Express*, but they both began to protest together against the iniquity of allowing this priceless British asset to pass into American control. The sequel is interesting. On the day that the Opposition intended to press for cancellation of the deal, it was announced that three true-blue British mining finance houses—Gold Fields, Anglo American and Chartered—had put in an attractive counter-bid, and were not insisting that it should be conditional on the company shifting its residence from Britain to Africa. Tsumeb, of course, is annoyed and may raise its bid (if it is sensible, it will get one of its British shareholders to do the bidding for it). The public, properly indignant about vanadium, suspects that Tsumeb may be after something else as well. The Treasury may be spared the embarrassing necessity of re-imposing the ban on SWAC's emigration it imposed a year ago. The question is how far this convenient counter-bid resulted from official prompting; it may have been handy to remember that Julian Amery, until his new appointment, was a director of Chartered. If the prompting took place, it followed pathetically soon after the much more serious loss to U.S. interests of St. John d'el Rey's iron-ore concessions in Brazil. Similarly, after the loss of Trinidad Oil, a U.S. bid for the much smaller Trinidad Petroleum Developments was broken off (partly through Treasury niggling about terms) and replaced by a bid from British Petroleum. Is the Treasury building up a faithful corps of unofficial counter-bidders to protect the Empire from the Americans?

* * *

The market, anxious to stretch its limbs, is not quite certain which way to set off, and fidgets out its energy in bids. Rio Tinto, leaving uranium for the moment, is bidding for Kern Oil (which produces in the U.S. as well as Trinidad and South America). But bids for Kern have been rumoured before; since some enterprising Americans are interested, Rio Tinto may have to fight. The more the merrier, so far as the Tennant family is concerned. The Lyle & Scott business has been up in the House, and the Board of Trade is willing to see the chairman—one is fortunately prevented from saying more by the fact that it is all *sub judice*. A bid, after countless abortive predecessors, has actually come for Quaglinos, and was quickly followed by news that another would be chasing it. Control of Financial News, Ltd., has passed from the Eyre to the Pearson family trusts, a group which includes among its many interests the Westminster Press and Lazards (the merchant bank) and among its affiliates Mr. Oliver Poole (chairman of the Conservative Party) and Mr. John Hare (Secretary for War). No price has been mentioned. If it was anywhere near the market price, Lord Cowdray may have paid around £650,000 for an investment which gives him complete ownership of the *Investors' Chronicle*, *Banker* and *Practitioner*, control of the *Financial Times* and its subsidiaries, and a 50 per cent. share in the *Economist* —together with control of group gross profits of over £700,000 a year and the growing outline of a Richardson-designed building near St. Paul's.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 378. Shock and Anger

They usually provide the prime cause and an aggravating circumstance for the otherwise inexplicable occurrence of unnecessary resignation. Take this position (Gilg-Petrov, 1933, and reported by Paul Schlensker in *Schach-Echo*): 2r3k1/ 6pp/ p7/ 3kt2Kt1/ qPb4P/ 3p1P2/ 1Q4P1/ 1K1R3R/. Black could have forced the win quite easily by . . . Kt x P, but he did play . . . B-R7 ch and after (2) Q x B was shocked to see that his Kt was now pinned and unable to give the deadly check at B6. He wasn't merely shocked, he was angry too, and that unholy combination made him resign forthwith; had he given the matter a moment's sober thought he would have seen that, having thrown away the full point he could still save ½ point by (2) . . . Q x P ch, followed by . . . Q-B6-R4 ch. All the more annoying since he wasn't even in time trouble, the most common cause for otherwise inexplicable fits of "chess blindness." It has happened to the greatest masters such as Rubinstein and Nimzovitch in their decisive last-round game at San Sebastian, 1912. r4bk1/ pp1Q1ppp/ 2p5/ 6P1/ 2P1q3/ 1P4P1/ PB2rR1P/ 1Kt1R2K1. Nimzovitch played . . . B-B4, overlooking the obvious mate in 2 by Q x BP x KtP; but Rubinstein didn't see it either and played B-Q4 instead. Still, since he went on to win the game anyway he didn't have to be as annoyed as Torre, no doubt, was when in a simultaneous performance he failed to see a very simple resource. 2kr4 ppp3Pp/ 4RP1B/ 2r5/ 5P2/ 1P6/ P2p3P/ 3K4. Shocked by the brutal threat of the R-check, Torre resigned, yet by R-Q6 he could have made Black's threat look rather foolish. It is just by such apparently forceful moves that a fatal shock-effect is usually caused. q5r1/ 1pp2p2/ 1kt1p2pk/ 3Pp1Rp/ 1PP1P2P/ 3B1P2/ 1R2KP2/ r1Q5/. White played the spectacular R x RP ch, and Black was shocked into immediate resignation; of course he couldn't take the R, but if he had simply retreated his K to Kt2 White would have had to be content with a draw by Q-R6-Kt5 ch, etc. Even more significant for a fairly frequent lapse is this: 5k2/ 7p/ p1Q3p1/ P5P1/ 3p1P2/ 6K1/ 3q3P/ 8/. Black played . . .Q-B6 ch, and, shocked by the apparent necessity for swopping queens and thereby promoting the opponent's P, White promptly resigned. Yet, he could have simply interposed his Q at B3, with an almost certain draw to follow. Finally, here's a no less significant case with as level-headed a grandmaster as Salo Flohr as the victim of shock-effect. 7k1/ bp1q1pp1/ p7/ 3B3p/ 3PQP2/ 6Pb/ PP3B1P/ 7K1/. Black played . . .Q-Kt4, and Flohr was completely overawed by the brutal mating threat at f1 and by his Q's inability of guarding the square without abandoning the B. He sadly resigned, overlooking the simple resource of K-R1.

A: Petrosjan 1956

B: T. C. L. Kok 1936

C: A. A. Troitzky 1908

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position where, in view of Black's threat of perpetual, Petrosjan couldn't take the R. How did he force the win very neatly? **B** and **C** (for 0 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins for White, and very pretty too. Usual prizes. Entries by February 18.

REPORT ON No. 375. Set January 19

A: Kt-K6, Q-R4 ch; (2) P-Kt4, followed by Kt-B7.
B: (1) B-Kt4, B-Kt4; (2) B-Q2!, BxB; (3) P-K7, P - Q ch; (4) K-Q7 etc.
C: (1) R-R7, PxP (forced); (2) R-K7 ch, K-Q1; (3) R-QR7, K-K1; (4) Kt-R6! K-Q1; (5) Kt-B7 ch, K-K1; (6) Kt-R8!! etc., if (4) . . . P-B5; (5) Kt-B5! P-B6; (6) Kt-Kt7 ch, K-Q1; (7) Kt-K6.

Prizes: I. Avinery, K. Beaumont, W. H. L. Brooking, Leslie Hale, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. Bed & b'fast 12s. nightly. H. & c. 2 mins. Underground. Cleff House Hotel, The Grove, N.3. FIN. 5662.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

MUSWELL Hill. 2 pt.-furnished rooms in house with musical children. Amateur violinist preferred. 43 Rosebery Rd., N.10.

NEWLY-decorated well-furn. rm., 2 divans, in family house. 3 gns. HAM. 9107.

DIVAN bed-sitting-rm. offered young woman in Chelsea flat, S.W.10. Share kitchen, bathrm. £3 inclusive. Box 401.

FURN. rm. nr. City offered to sing. man. Lge. rent reduction for occas. baby-sitting, & help with interior decorating. Box 235.

FURN. flatlet to let. Separate kitchen, h. & c. Crouch End. FITzroy 0773.

COSY newly-furn. rooms, mod. appointed house, centr. heatg., h. & c., elec. kitchenette, bathrms., service. Sgles. 4½ gns., dbles. from 6½ gns. incl. HAM. 0845.

PLEASANT 2-rmd. flat to let, bed-sit., kit.-dining-rm., bath, twin divan-beds, gas htg. & ckg. £3 10s. BALham 1682.

COMF. divan bed-sit. with partial board, use piano during day, not at wkends. £3 10s. p.w. 3 mins. Brent Stn. SPE. 2720.

HIGHGATE Wds. 2-rm. flat, bed-sit., kit.-bath, well-furn. & equip. Use frig. 3gns. wkly. 1 pers. only. MOU. 5196 aft. 6.

LARGE furn. double bed-sit. leading own kitchen. Gardens outlook. Very quiet, sunny. 1st floor. Own 'phone. Select road. Middle-aged couple preferred. 4½gns. per week. Monk. HAM. 4007, 10.30-11.

GIRL wanted to share flat with three others, Blackheath. GRE. 0546.

SUPERIOR 2-roomed furn. flat comprising single bedroom, lounge, use adj. heated bathroom & toilet, built-in fire, linen, &c. Garage. Hendon. 5 gns. p.w. Box 372.

HIGHGATE. Bed-sit., kit., din. rm. Single preferred. £3 p.w. TUD. 7396.

3 MINS. Highgate tube. Single divan-room. All facs., own meter. MOU. 4680.

FURN. flat—2 good rooms, k. & b., central position S.E. April to September, 4gns. per week. Box 294.

HAMPSTEAD, nr. Tube, bed-sit., use of kit., suit prof. woman. Box 395.

CANONBURY. S/c. new furn. basement lvg. rm., kit./bath, sep. toilet. 4gns. single/dble. CAN. 6176 evenings.

5 fully furn. flats/flatlets from 50s. p.w., approx. 10 dbl. bed/sitters from 45s. & 10 sing. from 30s. p.w. This is a selection of the apartments now available in this area through London Accom. Bureau. Approx. 1,500 apartments always avail. GER. 9050.

PROFESSIONAL woman offers divan b/s, & kit. use b., early Feb. Suit yng. lady. 32s. p.w. BARnet 1974 evgs. & wk.-end.

EDGBASTON, Birmingham. Two ladies seek another, share delightful furn. cottage. Own room, 'phone. Box 132.

FURN. bungalow, Essex, to let, share with civilised man. Small rent, mutual help. Suitable elderly widow, retired man or students. Good trains. Box 9770.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CORNWALL. Furnished cottage to let for one week or longer on Downs between Penzance (3½ mls.) and St. Ives (4½ mls.); sleep 4. Apply for details to J. E. B. Wright, 102a Westbourne Grove, London, W.2.

BUSINESS lady urg. reqs. Cent. semi-fur. flatlet or bed/sit. Box 347.

WANTED urgently, unfurn. flat anywhere in London, by couple with little money, child due March. CUN. 3331, 5-6.30 p.m.

£200 avail. convert, etc., unf. acc. N.W.6/8/access. Prof. wom. Rent/buy. Box 276.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

UNFURN. very large maisonette, Chelsea; low rent; £500 f. & f. Ring FLA. 9500 10 a.m. to 12 noon.

ESSEX Creek. Quiet well-furn. cottage, 3 bedrms., all con. Attractive country. Safe bathing. April-Sept. Box 286.

N. DEVON farmhse. Small s/c. furn. flat to let. E.l. Calor gas, h. & c. Rent 3½gns. wkly. 4½gns. July & Aug. Box 26.

TWO postgraduates require self-contained flat Kensington or near. Box 245.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer urgently wants rent furn. 3 bedrmd. flat/house in/near London early March. CAN. 2525 or Box 232.

NEW Zealand & Australian visitors require furn. flats for 6 months & 1 year lets. Must be easily accessible Cent. London. L.A.B. GER. 9050.

YOUNG barrister and wife-to-be seek small s/c. flat, central London area, by end March. Box 257.

DOCTOR & Chemical Engineer, both married, req. flat S.W.3/7 area. Box 277.

INDIAN (prof. gentleman) & English wife require furnished or unfurnished flat. (Reasonable rent). Box 297.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

MEWS. Tiny cottage, central, 7 yrs. lease. £1,000. Or exchange for country cottage, anywhere. Box 289.

MAIDA Vale: large elderly house with possibilities, £1,450. 3 flats: 2 occupied (at present) controlled rents, 1 vacant (4 rms., kit., bath). 1 min. tube, buses. 10 yr. lease at £100 p.a. ground rent. Box 9745.

CORNISH cottage, formerly home of Stephen MacKenna, the Greek scholar; now charmingly adapted with electricity & all amenities, but approach is awful. About ½ acre, incl. small bungalow let furn. at £1 wkly. Freehold £1,900. Black, Reskadinnick, Camborne. 'Phone 2215.

TIGH-Na-Mara, Nairn. Detached free stone dwellinghouse with attractive garden in pleasant situation near golf course. Containing: Ground Floor: Panelled entrance hall, drawing room, dining room, kitchen, sculleries and larder, Servants' Hall, W.C., etc. First Floor: 5 Bedrooms, 2 Dressing rooms, Box-room, Pantry, modern Bathrooms, separate W.C. Second Floor: 5 Bedrooms, Bathroom, separate W.C., Linen cupboard. Assessed Rental £85. Ground Rent £14 9s 10d. For further particulars and cards to view apply to: Anderson, Shaw & Gilbert, Solicitors, 20 Church Street, Inverness 2 & 3.) (Telephone Inverness 2 & 3.)

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accom. and good food. 6gns. wk. Easy train journey from Charing Cross. Riding Stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

OAKHURST Hotel, The Ridge, Hastings, is a must in 1957. Beautiful grounds with putting, tennis, etc. Friendly atmosphere, excellent food but low charges. Brochure.

WINTER Warmth for convalescence, rest or holiday. Small, quiet hotel for friendly people in "Britain's Best Climate." All desiring warmth & comfort will enjoy Normanhurst. Special terms for twin-bedded rms., 5/7gns.; Singles from 5½gns.; incl. full board, early tea, htd. bedrm. (cent. htg. everywhere). No gratuities. Vegtn. if desired. Bkfst. in bed (nominal chge.). Recomm. by rdrs. Facing Sth., opp. covered prom. Illus. brochures. Also booking Spring & Summer. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

CONNEMARA, Eire. Seaside farmhouse accommodation. Recommended. £5 10s. weekly. Mrs. Nee, Renvyle, Co. Galway.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., **A.A. Licensed. Ashley Courtenay recommended. Centrally heated throughout. Winter terms on application. Rye 2216.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

BEAUTIFUL country with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Tel. Hpram Rd. 32.

SUSSEX Gdn. adjns. beach. Lovely views. Gd. bathing, fishing, walking. 3 mls. Eastbourne. Friendly, comf., peaceful. Exc. food. Fr. 5gns. The Gambit, Pevensey Bay.

VEGETARIAN family, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, offer friendly holiday accomm., full board, baby-sitting. Enqs. Box 94.

HOLIDAY flat with kitchenette £2 p.w. or rooms with board: Eyre, Sparrowcourt, Eythorne, Dover.

MULLION, Cornwall, Mounts Bay Hotel, offers every comfort. H. & c. in all rooms, excellent cuisine. Cocktail bar. Write for brochure.

FARM Holidays—get your 1957 Farm Holiday Guide with Britain's best farm houses covering every county from Land's End to John O'Groats; price 3s 6d. Farm Holiday Guide, Dept. NS, 18 High Street, Paisley.

YOUR summer holiday, 1957. Come to sunny Devon, Barricane Priv. Hotel adj. famous Barricane Beach (board res.), also holiday flats & furn. bungalows all at Woolacombe, 3 mls. golden sands. M. M. Garness, Barricane Hotel, Woolacombe. Tel. 44 or 76.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere and full cent. heating. Fr. 7½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

C'WALL. Cliffside, Port Isaac. Tel. 285. Homely guesthse., facing sea, farm prod., nr. coach tours depot. Gd. food 5-7 gns.

SUSSEX. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham. Warmth, comfort and good food in historic 16th century guest house. Fully modernised, beautiful rural surroundings. Coolham 241.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 'Phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Close Station. Everything home-made. From 6gns.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

SIMON the Pieman Tearooms, Lion Street, Rye, receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

ADRIATIC Sun for you as well. Pensione "Tre Grazie," Miramare di Rimini, offers first-class food & accommodation 18s. per day. Write at once to our London Representative, Nina Froud, 54-55 Chandos House, Palmer St., S.W.1. (ABBey 4826.)

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provencal hotel. Beautiful, quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, first-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Illustrated broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy, St., W.1. MUSeum 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"TRUE Blue Democracy" is the title of R. Palme Dutt's forthcoming Notes on the new Tory Government. Also: "Racial Discrimination," by Fenner Brockway, M.P.; "Economic Forecast: Set Stormy," by Henry Collins; "China First Seen," by R. Page Arnot. And two classics hitherto unpublished in English: Lenin on the Press, and Marx and The Fenians. All in February Labour Monthly. 1s. 6d. all agents. Or 9s. half-yrly. sub. from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

TREASON Trial in South Africa. For background read "The Choice Before South Africa" by Solly Sachs. Paper cover edition 5s.; hard covers 7s. 6d.; library edition 15s. Postage 6d. extra. Address: E.S. Sachs, 41 Platt's Lane, London, N.W.3.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

WANTED: Horizons; Penguin New Writings; Scrutiny & similar periodicals. Also Books & Libraries bought. Fisher & Sperr, 46 Highgate High St. N.6. MOU 7244.

ALL good books bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps./journals. Van calls. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FOR rapid & reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, S.W.1. ABB. 3772. Rush jobs.

AUTHORS' MSS; any length typed in 7 days 4-day emergency service for urgent work). Short stories, etc., by return. Typescripts carefully checked. Great emphasis laid on accuracy and attractive presentation. Overnight Service: Open until 9 p.m. and week-ends. Teledicta Service: Dictate letters, translations, memoranda, etc., over telephone—9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Four-hour Duplicating Service. Indexing, cataloguing, editing, proof-reading, Literary research, etc. Temporary Secretaries. Dictating Machine Services. Public/private meetings reported. Recording machines for hire. Translations from and into all languages. Secretarial Aunts, 32/34 Rupert St., W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS., Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd., E.C.1. CLE. 1564 (5 doors from Old St. Tube Stn.).

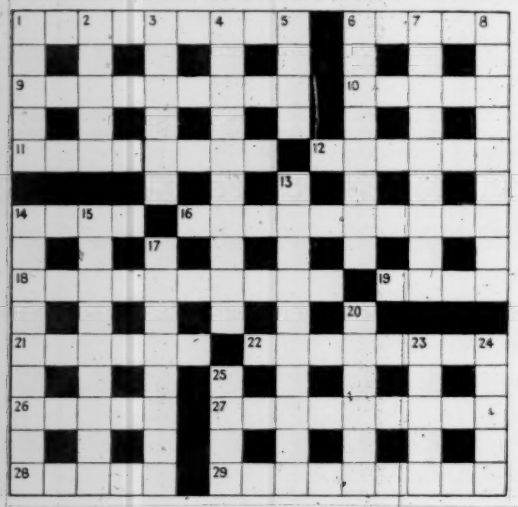
JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 5809.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS, Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

EXPERT Dupg./Typg. Theses, MSS, Plays. Miss Stone, 446 Strand. TEM. 5984.

Week-end Crossword No. 237

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 237, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Feb. 19.



ACROSS

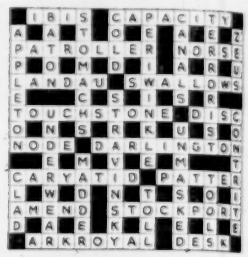
1. Without love woman disintegrates into an inferior machine (9).
6. An old king, I am in the young one's carriage (5).
9. Likenesses or characteristic features on the piano (9).
10. The bird would be cowardly if caught (5).
11. Call for the final collection (4, 4).
12. Cricket official who provides centre in the middle (6).
14. A high mountain in a colossal range (4).
16. In which the writing has been erased and there is a simple change in tense (10).
18. Ealing even spoilt a Longfellow heroine (10).
19. Demands nearly all of the jobs (4).
21. Without blood the poet would give thanks (6).
22. The fool includes nothing beside the finest in this material (8).
26. "One who dwelleth by the castled—" (Longfellow) (5).
27. Poet whose stream splits up the livestock (9).
28. Not a table fish, according to Belloc (5).
29. Whose sons disguise themselves in this gear (9).

DOWN

1. A number copy the same part of a coat (5).
2. Though taken verbally the opposite of this, plays are these (5).
3. A tragic heroine follows me with means of suicide (6).
4. Town which, is a little bit durable (10).
5. Part of Scotland after Easter (4).
6. Passage for a fairy with a hood (8).
7. Where one may discover sins never (9).
8. Friars who form small groups without me (9).
13. Very soft and good on a wandering mission (10).
14. Defeat by one kind of run? (9).
15. Ideal place in which to be put to death among twisted liars (9).
17. Give rage perhaps or pain (8).
20. There isn't so much about the smell in this island (6).
23. A body like this is below its peak (5).
24. The best players, but they have still to develop into something else (5).
25. Creatures pass sinuously (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 235



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 235

Miss E. P. Woodward (*Sidmouth*), *O. Tillotson* (*Haslemere*), *J. W. Stokes* (*Lydney*).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

BBC. invites application from Indian men or women for post of Hindi Programme Assistant or for occasional relief work. Essential qualifications: First-class knowledge of modern Hindi, ability to translate quickly, accurately and with good style from English into Hindi, high educational standard (preferably University degree), recent contact with India, good microphone voice. Experience of translating, broadcasting and writing an advantage. Selected candidates will be required to pass translation and voice tests. Normal appointment for three years (with possible extension). Relief work for shorter periods. Salary £790-£925 (dependent on qualifications and appointment offered). Prospects of promotion. Requests for application forms (enclosing an addressed envelope and quoting reference G.85 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

METEOROLOGICAL Office. Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office (M.O. 10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1957. They must have a First or Second-Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics, or an equivalent qualification. Salaries (London rates) £605—£1,055. Women's pay above £605 slightly lower but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,135—£1,345), and higher posts. Particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S52/57 (Met.). Interview Boards will sit at intervals, as reqd. Early applic. is advised.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. "Highfield House", Reception Home, Welford Road, Northampton. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Superintendent and Matron at "Highfield House," Northampton. This Home is used for the initial reception of all children, aged 5 to 15 years, coming into the care of the local authority. Applicants should have wide experience with children, a genuine understanding of their problems and needs, and should be capable of assessing and reporting upon a child's character, behaviour and progress. Salary—Superintendent within the salary range, £399 15s.-£451 per annum; Matron within the salary range £369-£415 2s. 6d. per annum, plus residential emoluments valued at £225 10s. per annum in each case. Letters of application, giving experience and qualifications, together with the names of three referees, should be forwarded to the Children's Officer, 13 Guildhall Road, Northampton, within 7 days from appearance of advertisement. J. Alan Turner, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Northampton.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments covering a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In Biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist in the Natural History Museum for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in, crystallography, taxonomic entomology, mammalian osteology, palaeobotany, malacology, helminthology, acarology. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or be otherwise qualified by high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1957 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: Minimum £1,135 (women £1,047). Men's scale maximum £1,345. Scientific Officers: Minimum £605. Men's scale maximum £1,055. Women's pay above £605 slightly lower but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/57 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/57 for Scientific Officers. Interview Boards will sit at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in the Institute of Education. Initial salary, dependent on qualifications and experience, within the scale £650-£1,350, with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by February 27.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of part-time General Secretary of Workers' Music Association, Ltd. Administrative and organising ability required. Salary £416 per annum. Write, stating age and experience, to The President, 17 Bishops Bridge Road, London, W.2. Applications must be to hand by February 18.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a university diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience, but will not exceed a maximum of £691 17s. 6d. a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than Feb. 18, 1957. Canvassing forbidden.

THEATRE agent, lady, W.E. office, reqs. lady partner. Business exp.; no capital reqd. Exps. & commission. RIC. 4926.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Senior Educational Psychologist (full-time) reqd. in Child Guidance Centre, 42 Madeley Road, Ealing, W.5. Present post is senior post in Ealing, and psychologist appointed will have office in Borough Education Office and act as adviser to Borough Education Officer on secondary transfer examination arrangements. Hons. Degree in Psychology or equivalent. Recognised clinical training, teaching experience and previous experience as Educational Psychologist desirable. Salary, Soulbury II £1,150-£1,400 (male), £1,020-£1,212 (female) plus equal pay adjustment. Appointment may be made at intermediate point on scale having regard to previous experience in similarly graded posts with other Local Education Authorities. Permanent. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. foolscap env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 George St., Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by February 22. (Quote U.488 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

INTERNATIONAL trade union organisation (London headquarters) offers position as Translator/Interpreter/Reporter. Permanent post with non-contributory superannuation scheme. Three weeks annual paid holiday. Applicants, whose mother-tongue should be English, must be able to translate and interpret from French, German and one or more Scandinavian languages. Should also be capable of producing reports and minutes of meetings. Previous trade union experience an asset. Applications, stating age, qualifications, previous experience and salary required, together with references, should be forwarded to Box 340.

REQUIRED immediately: full-time Youth Leader (mixed and separate boys' and girls' activities), experience and/or training essential. Residential—or house available married man, and part-time Youth work for wife if desired. Particulars from Warden, University Settlement, Bristol, 5.

THE Rose Bruford Training College of Speech and Drama, Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent (27 mins. by train from Charing Cross) requires part-time Lecturer in English and Methods of Teaching English (excluding Speech and Drama) in primary and secondary schools and to assist in supervising teaching practice. From September, 1957. Apply, giving qualifications, to The Registrar.

VISUALISER. Strong-willed, talented visualiser-cum-typographer reqd. by small publicity dept. of lge. company, Chelsea area. Strong will is the only means whereby talent can be retained in finished work. Salary to be mutually agreed. Box X512, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad St., E.C.2.

DEPUTY Warden, woman, resident, for Hostel for 34 elderly men and women, experimental group provision, real interest in welfare of old people essential. Salary £250 plus free emoluments at £150. Application in writing, with full details and also names of two referees, to Secretary, Old People's Hostels Assoc., 34 Stanley St., Liverpool, 1.

YOUNG typographer, lettering artist and layout man required by London publishers for book design and the preparation of publicity material. Box 369.

POLITICALLY-intelligent secretary, excellent typist, wanted by journalist embarking on biographic project. £8—40 hrs. HAM. 6673.

TWO part-time shorthand-typists or one full-time required for social work agency, north London. 5-day week. Women over 40 interested in social work pref. Box 373.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Council of Industrial Design requires two Industrial Liaison Officers each to cover a group of manufacturing industries and to assist in promoting the Council's object of raising standards of industrial design through The Design Centre and by other means. About a quarter of the time is spent visiting manufacturers in industrial areas. Essential qualifications are a good general education and for post (a) training as a mechanical engineer and experience as a designer, preferably of consumer goods; for post (b) architectural training, experience of kitchen and other domestic equipment and an interest in street furniture. Age 28-45. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience, in the scale £1,070-£1,310, or £1,355-£1,610. Contributory pension scheme. Application forms, to be returned within a fortnight of this advertisement, obtainable with further details from The Establishment Officer, 28 Haymarket, S.W.1.

LONDON County Council requires assistant home help organiser for duty in first instance in Camberwell. Duties consist of home visiting, supervision of staff and administrative and clerical duties. Social science qualification or similar experience an advantage. Salary £493 10s. × £35 5s.—£634 10s., commencing according to quals. and expce. Pensionable post. Application form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 7, 29 Peckham Road, S.E.5. Closing date Feb. 20.

ADDITIONAL caseworkers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive casework service for "problem families." Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £275 25/525 plus full board and residence. Children's allowances. Special training provided. Apply in writing to the Sec., 25, St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

HOUSEFATHERS-in-charge req'd. at cottage-type children's home in Essex. Joint appointments available for married couples. Training or experience essential. Salaries, Housefather: £479 8s. to £549 18s. Housemother: £451 4s. to £521 14s., each plus £17 12s. 6d. p.a. for Home Office Certificate and less charge for board, etc. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/2361), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

PERSONNEL Department. Well-known Company in Central London has vacancy for competent shorthand typist/clerk in its Personnel Dept. Hours 9 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Mon.-Fri.; 2 weeks' holiday this year. Salary around £9 p.w. depending on age & experience. Write, mentioning convenient interview times, to Box 366.

MARLBOROUGH Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, N.W.8. Art Therapist required for 2 sessions per week from April 1. Monday & Thursday evenings. Fee 23s. 9d. per session. Apply to Medical Director.

ADVENTURE Playground, London. Young man wanted as Assistant Warden for practical work with boys & girls. Salary: £400-£450. Apply in writing: L.A.P.A., 38 Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

LADY Telephone Operators (2) required for City switchboard, £9 p.w. Only top-grade operators with extensive commercial experience, including work on 1A switchboards, willing undergo medical examination, need apply. Pleasant working conditions, social club, pension scheme. Please write, in confidence, giving particulars of education, experience and previous appointments, and stating references, to Box 279.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHORTHAND/typist for Advertisement Department of this journal. Secretarial/clerical work. Write Secretary, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

MANAGER wanted for Collets' Glasgow bookshop. Salary and conditions covered by T.U. Agreement. Apply Collets, 44-45 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

SECS. f. Perm./Temp. with/without langs. Savoy Agency, 489 Oxford St., W.1. (opp. Selfridges and T. Wallis). MAY. 0761.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist required for Slade School of Fine Art at University College London (Gower St., W.C.1); aged 20-24, with good education and secretarial experience; interesting post; good holidays. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

IF your school-leaving daughter "wants to be a journalist" we may be able to offer her a post. Typing necessary. Box 122.

YOUNG shorthand-typist required for interesting work with educational organisation. Box 110.

INTERESTING job for intelligent girl, 25-35, leading to full charge City office. Must be good typist. Box 183.

WOMAN Graduate/Secretary wanted by office of London postal college. Partly marking students' papers; partly office duties. Shorthand-typing necessary. Commencing salary £11 p.w., rising to £12 after six months. State age, educ., exp. Box 301.

JUNIOR Shorthand-Typist required by progressive organisation. Apply giving details of expetience to Box 303.

PERSONAL Assistant to owner of retail business of good standing. Congenial position, for capable, conscientious woman. Good English, typing & figure work essential. State age & details of career. Box 275.

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat provides and is always glad to welcome educated women with really good secretarial qualifications. Posts at commencing salaries of £10 and with excellent prospects, always available for suitably qualified women. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M. f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd. (W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

SHT. Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Stand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

ASTER Secretarial Agency, 231 Baker St., N.W.1 nr Stn.). Come to us for best permanent temp. office posts. WEL. 3582.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

S/TYPIST 28 sks. medico/social post (expd.) or literary, B'ham., Warwick; Leamington or Stratford-on-Avon areas. Box 362.

EXPD. researcher, B'ham., sks. independ. wk. in local/personal history. Box 237.

YOUNG man, ex-Oxford, wishing to improve his French, seeks job in France. Anything considered. Box 190.

NORTHERN Spanish married couple, ages 28 and 22 (butler or gardener/handyman & cook/general) ready to leave Spain now. First-class refs. & knowl. English. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911.

HUNGARIAN refugee, f., 40, Engl., fluent German, typing, translating, proof correcting, etc., sks. post immediately. Box 315.

IDLE Bohemian, penniless, wants work, companionship, suitable atmosphere. Some time left for thinking & writing. Box 251.

LADY, perfect Russian, German, tired of present position as Radiographer, seeks other interesting work. Box 282.

CONFERENCE & Cttee. reporters, duplictg. specialists &c. ARC 1765/MOU 1701.

ACCOUNTANT/Office Manager, organising exp., reqs. worthwhile post. Box 130.

UNIVERSITY man (36), fluent French, German, seeks post London. Exp. office procedure administration. Box 244.

SCHOLARSHIPS

SHERRARDSWOOD School, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. A Major Bursary of £90 per annum and a Minor Bursary of £60 per annum, tenable from September, 1957, at this Independent, Co-educational Day and Boarding School may be awarded on the results of an examination to be held on March 18, 1957, to prospective boarder pupils born between September 1, 1944, and August 31, 1946. Prospectus and further particulars from the Bursar. Completed applics. should be made to Headmaster by Mar. 1, 1957.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing & Painting annual Entrance Scholarships open to men and women who want to train as professional artists. Write for details of competition before the end of March, to Sec., Byam Shaw School, Campden St., London, W.8.

SCHOLARSHIPS—continued

THE University of Hull Scholarship in Social Studies. The University offers for competition each year a Scholarship in Social Studies of £40 per annum, tenable for two years, to students, aged 20-40 years, who have at least two years' experience in some practical occupation and who wish to obtain a Diploma in Social Studies. (The award is often supplemented by the Local Education Authority of the successful competitor.) Application must be made not later than April 21. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Hull.

PERSONAL

YOUNG lady would like interesting work in Paris. Speaks French. Typing. Qualified in English Law. Box 316.

WNTD.: C'wall, Lizard-Helston, furn. house/cottage, sleep 6, Aug. Burnet, Boars Rock, Crook, Kendal, Westmorland.

HIGHGATE, London, house sleeps 4/5. Architect seeks exchange seaside cottage similar, 3 weeks August. Box 140.

YNG. pers. wtd. Apr., help amuse nephews home schl. hols. Pt.-time. Au pair. Pkt. money. Dunnett, Bark Pl., Chorleywood.

UNDERGRADUETTE. 20, artistic, strong, enterprising, intelligent, sks. job anything, anywhere, March-May. Box 226.

SCHOOL teacher requires cottage 2 weeks late August; quiet, interesting coast but accessible without car. Sleep 7. Box 184.

GENT, 48 sks. similar, view holiday Britain/abroad. Exps. shared. Box 157.

THE Future: If you feel concerned, write "Friends of the Future," 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

LARGE, pleasant b. s., rent free to lady available to mind baby from 2 p.m. any day. At least 3 evenings free, also most Sundays and some afternoons. LAD. 5415.

OWNERS of kindergarten requiring ground floor premises, seek others requiring flats and with £2-3,000, to join in purchase of large house, Hampstead. Box 334.

DONEGAL. To let: Island cottage, 3 bedrms., elec., boat available. Details: Boyle, Eighter Island, Burton Port, Donegal.

COSTA Brava. Write to me for good accommodation in private houses. Gibson, San Jaime 315, Calella (Barcelona). Postage 4d. Reply coupon please.

PAKISTANI student has 4-7.30 p.m. free every day; consider any intelligent employment, pref. S.W.1/3/7 or W.1. Box 243.

SPRY old lady wants someone, preferably with part-time job, share comf. flat, garden, T.V., housekeeping, Enfield. Companionship more important than rent. Box 247.

LEARN German whilst you ski. Austrian families offer hospitality as paying guests. For details apply: The Mostyn Bureau, 19 Beaumont Street, Oxford.

PHYSICS. Experienced coach required for 1st M.B. N.2/N.W.11 area. Few hrs. weekly. SPE. 0478, evenings or week-end.

UNWISE, penniless girl, seeks companions, work way of emigrate Australia, nominator available, minimum two years. Anyone (18-28) mad enough join venture? Box 136.

MATE wanted for beautiful bitch (animal). Scots Border Collie on heat now. Phone EDGware 0242.

PIANO. Upright Bluthner, Bechstein or similar wanted. Box 274.

WANTED hire Sept. holiday abroad: 2 vehicles capacity 6 each. Box 302.

B.Sc. (Econ.) Part 1, books wanted, reasonable please. Box 325.

SPEECHES written, dinners, weddings, &c. Bainbridge, 5 Stanlake Villas, W.12.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 47 Wellington Sq., S.W.3. SLO. 3141.

CONFERENCES accommodated at University Halls. Two buildings available separately or together, July and August. On edge of Epping Forest but 5 mins. from Central Line Underground. Max. numbers 70. Further information and terms from the Warden, "Elmhurst," High Road, E.18 (BUC. 1542.)

HOW to Write and Sell. Send to-day for free folder, "What's in it for You." The Writer, 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

PROFESSIONAL Santa Clauses: What to do with your 350 days' holiday now it's all over. May we suggest you renew your acquaintanceship with Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry?

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Ave., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

PERSONAL—continued

HOLIDAY home reqd. for daughter, 16, July till mid. Aug. in family with children similar age London or nearby. Chief Conductor Sandberg, Royal Opera, Stockholm.

CHINESE Lessons. Chinese Translations, editing, &c. 13 Tideswell Rd., S.W.15.

REGINALD Reynolds' new play for the toy theatre, Massacre of Penny Plain, 3s. 6d. Catalogue of theatres & plays: Benjamin Pollock, 44 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Upton Bishop, Ross-on-Wye.

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London, Liverpool & Manchester. 72 Gloucester Pl., W.1. WEL. 4042.

THE Incorporated Society of Registered Naturopaths. Members of this Society have completed a minimum of 4 years' full-time training in Natural Therapeutics. Information: Sec., I.S.R.N., Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WESTern 5209.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated & willing, immediately avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 8806/KNI. 4132.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

FOREIGN Languages an Asset. "Au pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

HUMANISM: A philosophy for modern man. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

NEW Vistas—1957 by Rail and/or Air. Escorted travel—independent holiday. Spain, Andorra, Portugal, Tangiers, Malta, Madeira, Norway, etc. New Vistas Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

AIR Holidays. Spanish Coast—A fortnight at Castro Urdiales, our 1957 discovery. Air to Bilbao. 39½gns. Austrian Tyrol—2 weeks at newly built hotel in village above Innsbruck. Air to Munich. 36½gns. Switzerland—A week at Montreux and a week at Trient in the Valais. Air to Basle. 38gns. Yugoslavia—2 weeks at Lovran on the Adriatic coast. Air to Klagenfurt. 45gns. Salzburg Lake District—Fortnight's holiday at Fuschl, a very attractive lake-shore village. Air to Munich. 37gns. Also tours to Southern Spain, Italian Riviera, Western Austria and Eastern Switzerland. All charges include return air travel, airport coach transfers and a full fortnight's holiday abroad. Brochure from Wings, Limited, 48(B) Park Road, Baker Street, N.W.1. Phone: AMB. 1001.

ALLWAYS offer ten-day holidays from £23 19s. 6d. and a wide selection of independent and escorted tours at all prices. Illus. booklet free. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Ave. London W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7

ENGLISH Painting Holidays from £9 5s. Painting Holidays Abroad in France, Italy, Majorca, Spain, Yugoslavia from £32 10s. 15 days fully inclusive. All our artist-tutors are highly qualified young men with a flair for helping absolute beginners. Good hotels, excellent food, short sea crossing. Individual holidays can also be arranged. Special Dubrovnik Festival Holiday in conjunction with the Festival authorities. Our School of Art is open from September to May. Write or call for Brochure: P. Collis, London Atelier, 1 Manchester Sq., London, W.1. WELbeck 9591.

HOLIDAYS, full of interest and enjoyment at extremely economical prices: April 18: Florence & Venice, from £37 10s. June 7: Amsterdam, £22. July 28: Rome, Naples, Florence, from £36 5s. Aug. 4: Innsbruck, with motor coach through Dolomites to Venice, from £35 15s. Aug. 11, 18 and 25: Bernese Oberland and/or Lake Lucerne, from £34. Aug. 18. Florence, Ravenna and Venice, £40. Aug. 25: Rome, Naples, Florence, from £36 5s. Milan, the Dolomites, Venice, from £39 10s. Centre holidays in Switzerland, Italy, Bavaria & Austria. Tours in Jugo-Slavia, Norway and Austria. Write to E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, London, W.C.2.

BALTIC Cruises with 6-10 days in U.S.S.R.: Aug. & Sept. from £75 incl. Specialist tours: educational, medical, architectural or ballet interest. Priority to S.C.R. members. Write only (s.a.e.) to Secretary, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8, for particulars; specify interest

TRY an "En Famille" Holiday in Austria, France, Germany, etc. Why not join one of the special groups visiting our Austrian Host-Family-Centre: or let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. Brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

ORIGINAL holidays: you may want something different this year—an informal house party in pleasant company, a leisurely sunshine holiday, an energetic holiday in the mountains or a stimulating, sight-seeing tour. Our illustrated booklet offers something for all tastes. Write for a free copy now: Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

ITALY, 1957. Easter and summer special low-priced conducted tours. Florence-Rome & excursions Pisa-Siena. 11 days Florence, 29gns. Rome and Naples by air (August) from 41gns., and many others. Write E.T. Assoc. (ref. N/S), c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Pl., Ldn, W.1.

SEE Spain for summer sunshine in 1957. Still lower cost—even better value. 15-day Holidays by rail from 25gns., by air from 44gns. (B.E.A., Air France, Iberia). Tarragona (no high season charge)—meet the owner-manager of your hotel, who will be able not only to book your room on the spot but also to give you full particulars of Tarragona entertainment and excursions. Special reductions for families. Please do come in and also see our great collection of photographs of all parts of Spain (Costa Brava, Mallorca, Ibiza, Sitges, San Sebastian, Madrid). See Spain, Ltd. (Dept. NS), 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1; 287 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

CANOE Camping Cruises. Touring the Wye Valley & Warwickshire Avon. Everything supplied at inclusive charge. No exp. necessary. Details of this attractive & inexpensive holiday, Lawrence, 20 Willian Way, Letchworth, Herts.

A SAILING holiday for variety from 12gns, Hebe, Yachthaven, Hayling.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service. 20 countries, 2½d. stamp to 48 Dalston La., E.8.

HEAVENLY Holidays at Down to Earth Prices. Here are some typical 7-day holidays: Austria, £17 17s. 6d.; Switzerland, £18; Italy, £21. Write for your copy of "The 5 Delights." Hotel Plan, Ltd., 11 Church Place, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

AIR tours: Easter in Rome, 11 days £39 10s. Vienna-Salzburg, July 22-Aug. 5; Majorca, July 13-28 & Sep. 7-22, £45; good hotels. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

THE Belgian Coast. Wonderful all inclusive holidays, 8 days from 13 gns., covering travel and good hotels with full board. Escorted departures every Sunday from May 5 to Ostend, Blankenberg, Knokke, etc. Also to the Ardennes and Luxembourg. Write for free illustrated brochure: Dept. N.S.1, Belgian Travel Service Limited, 59 Crawford Street, London, W.1 (AMB. 4434).

CONTINENTAL holidays by air, coach or rail, not mass-produced but with individual attention to both travel and hotels. Before you decide, see our booklet covering all European countries. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Tel. WHI. 4114/5.

SOLDIERS fare well. Wayfarers fare best. Write now for free copy of our 1957 Holidays Abroad Programme. The Wayfarers Travel Agency, Ltd., Dept. NS, 20 Russell Sq., London, W.C.1. Tel.: LANgham 8222.

BY Flying Boat to the islands of the Mediterranean! Join the Club Mediterranee of Paris and spend the holiday of your life at one of the Club's island villages in Italy and Greece. Under-water exploration, water skiing, French cuisine and wine at meals—all for under £60. Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street, London, W.8 (entrance in Wrights Lane). WES. 1517.

CONFERENCES, Week-end and Summer Schools at The Mount, Haverhill, Suffolk. Accomm. 50. Fully equipped. Extensive gdns., tennis, etc. Excel. food. Vacancies 1957. Short notice bkgs. accepted. Terms according to numbers and length of stay. Apply Warden.

BURGESSES and their Boroughs vote for delicious Burgess' Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

BOYS & Girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at the Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Eliz. Strachan. Hele 390.

MUSICIAN with a fiddle or a grandfather's Georgian griddle: Anthony Panting will be pleased to photograph them for you at 30 Abbey Gardens, St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

LONDON School of Bridge. 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

P.S. Will Harold Ingham's "Summer Schools Abroad" become a closed shop? This may well happen eventually as every year a higher proportion of places is taken up by old clients. Outsiders wishing to become insiders should therefore apply without delay to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. *per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Hol. 8471.*